MARVEL COMICS

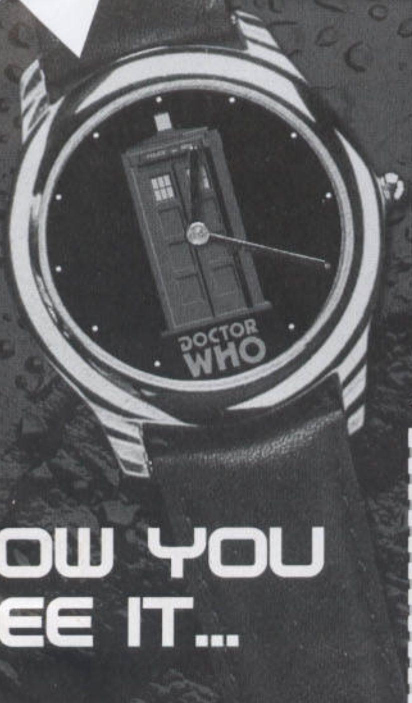
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

Sinner
Heretic
Master Criminal
Lost Child
Tyrant King
Dead Man
Pale Horseman
Bored God

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

Descend through nine levels of madness and evil with Doctor Who's vilest villains!

DWM 259 • 17 Dec 1997
UK £3.00 • US $5.99



SPECIAL OFFER

AQUA JANEIRO's

TARDIS WATCH

£27.99
plus p+p

Watch as the TARDIS appears on the dial of this stylish wristwatch ... then disappears again before your very eyes!

This unique watch comprises a chrome-plated case, real leather padded strap and an etched caseback recognising it as an officially licensed product.

Every watch comes in a stylish presentation box and is subject to a one-year warranty.

Fill in the form below to get your hands on the ULTIMATE Timelord timepiece!

Please allow 28 days for delivery. Due to possible overdemand, delivery may be delayed, in which case you will be notified by post and your payment will not be cashed until despatch is arranged.

Please note
Despite our best efforts, the increased demand and possib postal delays in December mean that we cannot guarantee that late orders will be delivered in time for Christmas.
We advise you to order at the earliest opportunity to avoid possible disappointment.

now you see it...

...now you don't!

DOCTOR WHO™

Please complete the form below or a copy thereof, and post to the following address:
TARDIS WATCH OFFER,
PO BOX 706, SHEFFIELD,
S. YORKS S10 3YB

STYLE	QTY	COST	TOTAL
TARDIS WATCH		£27.99 plus £1.50 p+p = £29.49	£

☐ Cheque payable to AQUA JANEIRO ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
Card no ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Cardholder's signature .... Exp Date ☐☐/☐☐

NAME
ADDRESS

Tardis and Doctor Who TM and © BBC 1963
Licensed by BBC Worldwide Ltd.

GALAXY4

DOCTOR WHO SPECIALISTS FOR NEW & OLD MERCHANDISE

NEW DAPOL TOYS

Gift Set 1: 'Dalek Army' - Davros, 6 Standard Daleks, 1 Special Dalek
£35.99 (+p&p)

Gift Set 2: 4th Doctor, Melanie, TARDIS, K-9, Cyberman, 1 Special Dalek
£35.99 (+p&p)

Gift Set 3: 7th Doctor, Ace, TARDIS, K-9, Cyberman, 1 Special Dalek
£35.99 (+p&p)

PLEASE ADD FOR UK POSTING & PACKING:
£4.00 FOR FIRST SET, £2.00 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL SET

NEW MERCHANDISE

New Doctor Who Wallclocks (18")
1) 8th Doctor & TARDIS 2) TARDIS
3) The Gallifreyan Seal
RRP £49.99 OUR PRICE £34.99 (+p&p)
£6.00 FOR FIRST CLOCK, £2.50 EACH EXTRA CLOCK

Aqua Janeiro's TARDIS Watch
This wristwatch features a blue leather strap, long display case, embossed with the new logo and The TARDIS appears then disappears from the watch face every ½ minute.
£29.99 including UK p&p

GALAXY4

493 GLOSSOP ROAD, BROOMHILL, SHEFFIELD S10 2QE
0114 268 49 76

Full Payment must accompany all orders. We accept Cheques or Postal Orders (made payable to Galaxy 4) or payment by Visa, Mastercard and JCB
(Please note that all credit/debit card payments are subject to an additional p&p of £1.00 per order for Recorded Delivery/Insurance)
Minimum Credit/Debit card payment accepted is £10.00
SEND AN SAE FOR OUR COMPLETE DR. WHO ORDER LIST OR VISIT OUR SHOP

Advertisement Produced by *SJDesigns* Telephone 01628 782833

In this issue . . .

When the DWM team is invited along to a convention, we're usually more than happy to set up our little stand, sell issues and answer questions from readers. For the recent PanoptiCon in Coventry, however, we put in a little more effort, and brought along the Eighth Doctor and Izzy as guests. Top artist Martin Geraghty drew us some new full length portraits of the adventuresome pair, which we blew up to life size and stood by our table. Over the weekend we had countless requests for photographs with one of the figures. What took us by surprise was that it wasn't the Doctor who claimed such attention, but dear little Izzy.

As you may have noticed, we here at Panini Mansions are very proud of the comic strip, and spend a great deal of time trying to get it just right. The reason for this, I think, is that we are the first production team to grow up alongside the great Marvel strip of the eighties, as opposed to any of its often more anorexic predecessors. We grew up with the worlds of Mills and Wagner, Gibbons and Parkhouse, and from them we draw our inspiration.

When I joined the magazine almost three years ago, one of my first acts was to restore a regular writing and art team to the strip, something it had lacked since the departure of Steve Parkhouse ten years earlier. I was also lucky enough to get exactly the people I wanted. With Alan Barnes and Martin aboard, and with Scott Gray's instinctive understanding of what makes a good strip into a great one, we hoped to do big things.

Since that time, we've set about restoring an ongoing narrative to the separate stories; sometimes the links are strong (such as those between *The Keep* and *Fire and Brimstone*), sometimes slight (such as the appearance of members of the Marwood family in *Endgame* and *Tooth and Claw*). Back in 1995, we planned to return the Seventh Doctor to the strip, and used the last cycle of 'old Doctor' stories as a lead-in to *Ground Zero*, where we would rejoin the McCoy adventures at a time before they slipped out of the Marvel universe and into the Virgin one. Then the TV Movie came along and we realised that not only could the Seventh Doctor go out with a bang, but the villains of *Ground Zero*, the amoral and shadowy business organisation known as the Threshold, became the perfect bridge between old and new.

The Threshold have proved very popular – and many readers have written in to say how much you are looking forward to their ultimate showdown with the Doctor – but Izzy has been our surprise hit, with her own mailbag of praise. Fans can rest assured that she'll be around for a little while yet, ready to see the Doctor face the appalling cost of his upcoming adventures . . .

If you're not a regular reader of the strip, how about giving it another go in preparation for next year's tumultuous events? I don't think you'll be disappointed.

DWM 228 would be a good place to start . . .

Gary

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Design **Michael Yeowell**

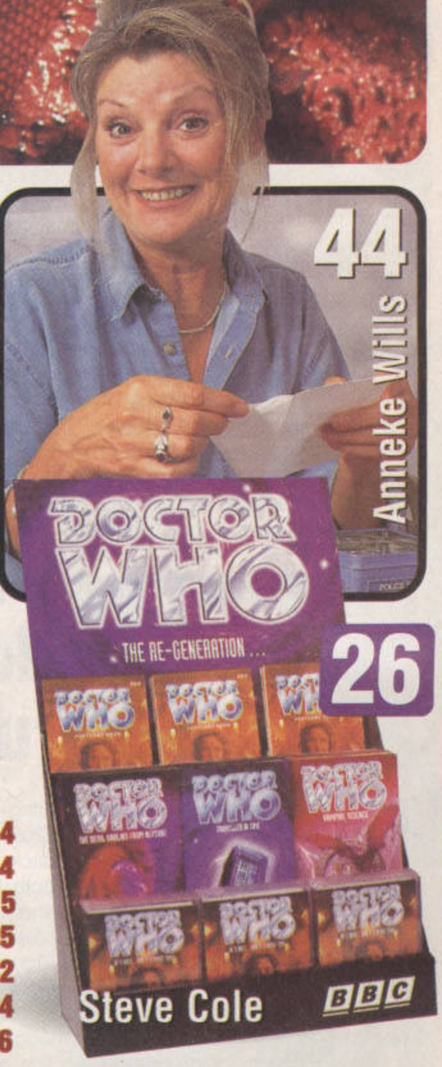
Thanks to **John Ainsworth, Christopher H Bidmead, Vanessa Bishop, Stephen Cole, Sue Cowley, David Gibbes-Auger, Marcus Hearn, Amanda Murray, John Nathan-Turner, Stephen James Walker, Peter Ware, Martin Wiggins, Anneke Wills, BBC Books, BBC Video, Reeltime Pictures**

For details of current subscription rates, see page 41

For advertising, contact Essential Media on 0171 833 8030

6
"Female villains are mostly dragged-up ball-breakers and domineering shrews"

Tooth and Claw
18



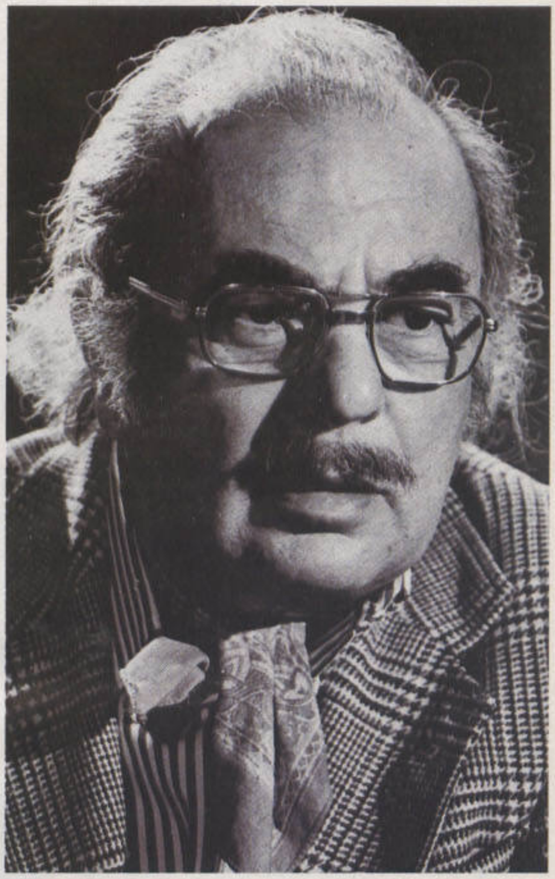
Gallifrey Guardian **4**
The Life and Times of Jackie Jenkins.....**14**
Timelines **15**
The Fanzine Trap..**25**
Shelf Life **32**
The DWM Archive The Crusade.................**34**
Interview Christopher H Bidmead............**46**

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 259. Published by **Marvel Comics**, a division of Panini UK Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. *Production* Mark Irvine & JP Fahy; *Product Manager* Kirsty Hosmer; *Marketing Manager* Miles Stevens-Hoare; *Art Director* Helen Nally; *Managing Editor* Alan O'Keefe; *Managing Director* Richard Maskell. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCtv 1996. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Diamond logo © BBC Worldwide Publications 1973. All other material is © Marvel Comics unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 247 Tottenham Court Road, 0171-261 5555. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Gallifrey Guardian

Doctor Who's creator dies aged 80

Sydney Newman 1917-1997



Sydney Newman, the former BBC Head of Drama who devised the initial format for *Doctor Who*, died in Toronto on 29 October.

News of Newman's death, announced on Canadian broadcasting, was reaching Internet newsgroups just as this issue of **DWM** was going to press. "I type this with a heavy heart," wrote one rec.arts.drwho correspondent simply as he passed the sad news on.

A one-time commercial artist, Newman's appointment as a supervising drama producer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation led to his being snapped up by Britain's ABC Television, where he produced the seminal Sunday night *Armchair Theatre* series in the very late fifties. While at ABC, he played a hugely significant role in the development of quirky thriller series *The Avengers*.

Late in 1962, Newman joined the BBC as Head of Drama, where he oversaw programmes including *Z Cars*, *Doctor Finlay's Casebook* and *The Wednesday Play* (an anthology strand which would include productions as feted as *Cathy Come Home*, *Up the Junction*, and Dennis Potter's 'Nigel Barton' plays).

Early in his BBC career, Newman identified a Saturday afternoon ratings dip between live sports coverage and *Juke Box Jury*. To fill the gap, he envisaged a science fiction-inflected children's drama centred around a time machine disguised as a commonplace object which would be "driven by an old man of 760 years of age" . . .

Doctor Who's genesis was assisted by many others – when he first saw the Daleks, Newman was famously appalled by the transgression of his diktat that the series should not feature 'bug-eyed monsters'! He later relented, and retained a keen interest in the series up to the end of his BBC career in 1967; he left the Corporation shortly after taking an active role in *Doctor Who*'s development during the turbulent period in which star William Hartnell was 'regenerated' into actor Patrick Troughton.

In November 1967, just as Newman took up a new post as a film producer at Elstree Studios, he was given the coveted Desmond Davis Award for outstanding creative work in television. He returned to Canada, becoming Chairman and Chief Executive of the National Film Board there – but his interest in *Doctor Who* stayed strong, and in the late autumn of 1986 he drafted proposals for a complete revamping of the show, then perceived to be ailing, for BBC1 Controller Michael Grade (a huge admirer of Newman). Although these suggestions would not ultimately be adopted, he was proud of his original conception: "I'm glad it's brought pleasure to millions of people," he said in 1986. "I'm glad it's brought prestige to England and prestige to the BBC around the world."

A full tribute to Sydney Newman will appear in the next issue of **DWM**.

Sci-Fi Channel deny BBC co-production deal

Newspaper fuels *Who* rumours frenzy

Erroneous speculation that the BBC and the satellite/cable Sci-Fi Channel are on the verge of signing an agreement to co-produce new *Doctor Who* has had an unexpected consequence. While discounting the reports, a Sci-Fi Channel executive stated that such an option was worth discussion.

On 14 October, Scotland's *Daily Record* claimed that: "*Doctor Who* is set for a shock return to the small screen – without actor Paul McGann. BBC top brass are negotiating with the American Sci-Fi Channel to bring the time-traveller back to life". The *Record* invoked both Monty Python actor Eric Idle and *Rocky Horror Show* creator/*Crystal Maze* presenter Richard O'Brien as putative Doctors; both were nominated as possible future stars of the series long before last year's TV Movie. The report continued: "Under the latest plans, the Sci-Fi Channel will show the new series first. The 30-minute shows will be seen on the BBC at a later date" – and concluded by quoting a "BBC insider" as saying, "It's fantastic news. The Doctor WILL be back."

Needless to say, the *Record* story prompted frenzied activity on the many *Doctor Who*-dedicated Internet newsgroups. By the following afternoon, a statement headed unequivocally "No Truth To Doctor Who Rumors" had been issued by the Sci-Fi Channel's US headquarters. More positively, however, the statement quoted Barry Schulman, vice president of programming for the channel, who said of talking to BBC representatives about future co-production of *Doctor Who*: "We'd consider the opportunity, but as of yet there have been no discussions."

Schulman's statement is encouraging. In the States, following the Fox Network's cancellation of dimension-hopping fantasy *Sliders* after its third series, the Sci-Fi Channel co-funded production of a fourth, which began shooting at Universal Studios in September. Indeed, the BBC and the Sci-Fi Channel have already struck a deal to co-produce the forthcoming genre mini-series *Invasion Earth*. The fact that the two organisations are working together on this project may well have prompted the *Daily Record*'s speculation in the first place.

The BBC's non-commital line on *Doctor Who* remains unchanged.

More BBC Worldwide releases announced

Tom's *Nightmare* scenario out in 1999!

Nightmare of Eden, the 1979 adventure in which the Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9 tangle with dastardly drug traffickers while attempting to disentangle two crashed space liners, is set to be BBC Video's first *Doctor Who* release of 1999. Featuring the lumbering Mandrels, this disaster movie homage by Wallace and Gromit writer Bob Baker is scheduled for January.

BBC Worldwide *Doctor Who* overlord Stephen Cole has also confirmed that, as exclusively revealed last issue, **DWM** comic strip companion Frobisher will accompany the Sixth Doctor in June 1998's 'other Doctors' book release, David A McIntee's *Mission Impractical*. Other printed escapades coming in the latter part of 1998 include Jim Mortimore's *Beltempest*, an adventure featuring the Eighth Doctor and Sam, and Lance Parkin's *The Infinity Doctors*. The latter, reportedly extremely unconventional in approach, will be released to coincide with *Doctor Who*'s 35th anniversary in 1998.

Meanwhile, Sophie Aldred and Nicholas Courtney – the series' Ace and Brigadier – are provisionally lined up to narrate the audio version of short story anthology *Short Trips*, out next March. In addition, Worldwide hope to add a number of 'bonus' video releases to next year's schedules. These may be either straightforward new releases, or possibly re-issues of *Doctor Who* stories previously only available in a slightly edited form.

Watch this space . . .

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Sylvester McCoy** is co-presenting the East Midlands region's input to the BBC Children in Need evening on 21 November from the Diamond Cable building in Nottingham suburb Colwick. His performance as the lawyer Dowling in BBC 1's *The History of Tom Jones, A Foundling* concludes on 9 December; *The Trial of a Time Lord*'s **Brian Blessed** and *Revelation of the Daleks*' **Alexei Sayle** [pictured] are also in the cast. **Tom Baker** narrates 16-part series *British Pathé Presents . . . Century* on the History Channel from 22 November. He shortly starts work for the Discovery Channel providing voice work on a series about otters. Naughty 1974 **Katy Manning** movie *Eskimo Nell* is being shown by Bravo on 28 December as part of the channel's 'Sex On Sunday' season. *Heartbeat*, now in Season Seven, continues to be produced by **Gerry Mill**, director of *The Faceless Ones*; the episode *Fool For Love* featured **Richard Franklin** as the Doctor (no, not that one!). **Maureen O'Brien** played Margaret Ames in recent *The Bill* episode *Sparks*.

Stage **Paul McGann's** new movie *Fairy Tale: A True Story* received a general thumbs-up from US critics on its late October release Stateside.

Stage Seventies scripter **Bob Baker** is the co-writer of *Wallace & Gromit in A Grand Night Out*, which has been on tour and moves to the Peacock Theatre, Kingsway between 24 November and 10 January (box office 0171 314 8800). **Nabil Shaban**, aka Sixth Doctor adversary **Sil**, has both co-developed and appears in new touring play *D.A.R.E.*

Miscellaneous **David Brierley**, Season Seventeen's voice of K9, has been appointed Chairman of South West Arts following his retirement as general manager of the Royal Shakespeare Company. One-time *Doctor Who* fight arranger **Derek Ware** is now stage combat master at the Birmingham School of Speech and Drama.

Obituaries **Andrew Keir**, who played Wyler in the film *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 A.D.*, died on 5 October, aged 71. Other recent departures include former current affairs presenter **Alex Macintosh**, who played himself in *Day of the Daleks* Episode Four and **Leonard Maguire**, who was Decider Draith in *Full Circle*. Former BBC2 Controller and Head of Drama **Graeme McDonald**, one of *Doctor Who*'s keenest advocates, died on 30 September. Finally, **Ian Stuart Black**, who penned three sixties *Doctor Who* serials, passed away on 13 October; a full tribute to Ian appears on page 16.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

24 November

Novel ***Doctor Who: Alien Bodies*** by Lawrence Miles [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Roundheads*** by Mark Gatiss [Second Doctor, Ben, Polly & Jamie] *BBC Books* £4.99

18 December

Novel ***The New Adventures: Mean Streets*** by Terrance Dicks [Bernice & Chris Cwej] *Virgin Books* £4.99

5 January 1998

Video ***Timelash*** [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* £11.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Kursaal*** by Peter Anghelides [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Face of the Enemy*** by David A McIntee [The Master & UNIT] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 January

Novel ***The New Adventures: Tempest*** by Christopher Bulis [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

5 February

Novel ***Doctor Who: Option Lock*** by Justin Richards [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Eye of Heaven*** by Jim Mortimore [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99

DOCTOR WHO
OPTION LOCK
JUSTIN RICHARDS

12 February

Novel ***The New Adventures: Walking to Babylon*** by Kate Orman [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

2 March

Video ***Doctor Who: Battlefield*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)

Novel ***Doctor Who: Longest Day*** by Michael Collier [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Short stories ***Doctor Who: Short Trips*** by various [All Doctors] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Witch Hunters*** by Steve Lyons [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara & Susan] *BBC Books* £4.99

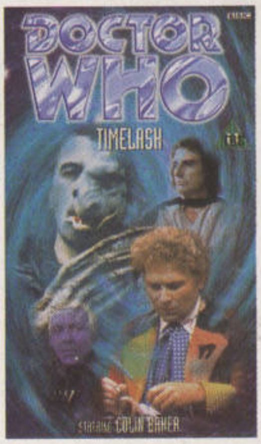
12 March

Novel ***The New Adventures: Oblivion*** by Dave Stone [Bernice & others] *Virgin* £4.99

7 April

Novel ***Doctor Who: Legacy of the Daleks*** by John Peel [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Hollow Men*** by Martin Day & Keith Topping [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99



9 April

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters *Virgin* £4.99

4 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

1 June

Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Mission Impractical*** by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *BBC Books* £4.99

7 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

4 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

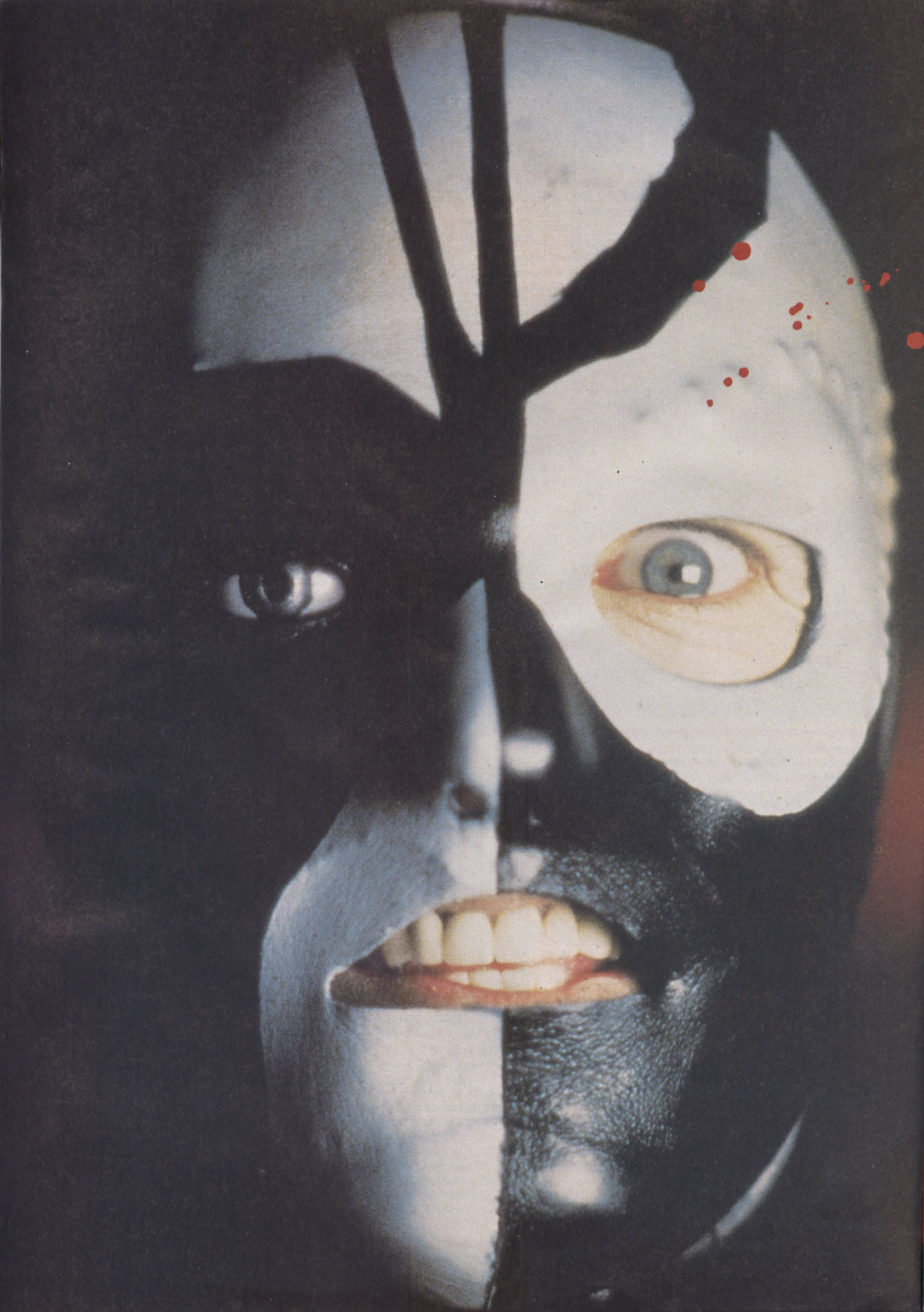
1 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba

3 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99



Bad boys inc

"How utterly evil!" **Alan Barnes** takes a trip through the twisted psyche of the *Doctor Who* villain, then dives headlong into the Abyss in search of the series' greatest sinners. Abandon hope all ye who enter here . . .

What's his *problem*? This black-clad antagonist, all preening arrogance and sibilant verbosity, assuring some terrified woman that the only pleasure she has to look forward to is death; this reawakened God, urging some "grovelling insect" of a hero to "abase" himself; this bearded, bug-eyed technocrat, cackling "You're doomed! Doomed! *Doomed*! Hahahahaha!" with unbridled glee . . .

The *Doctor Who* villain – what's his beef?

The language of conventional psychology helps us none. Does "one suffering from a behavioural disorder resulting in inability to form personal relationships and in indifference to or ignorance of his obligations to society" – a dictionary definition of 'psychopath' – fully articulate the ferocious malevolence of a Greel, a Gavrok, a Sharaz Jek? Does "the delusion that one is great or powerful; a mania, or passion, for big things" – 'megalomania' – excuse the boundless ambition of a Mavic Chen, a Master, a Harrison Chase? Demons of the mind are all very well but, with one significant exception to which we shall return, we must leave the theories of Messrs Freud and Jung to one side. We can't make a Sutekh rational or explicable by having him smoulder gently on a couch, telling us about his mother and his strange dreams of trains and tunnels and telegraph poles. No, here we tread a darker path; in *Doctor Who*'s villains we see no less a thing than evil incarnate, than essence of badness itself.

So, what is a villain? We exclude *Doctor Who*'s monsters – the hobgoblins, gremlins and ogres of myth – whose principal crime is their 'otherness'. Monsters, although often ostensibly led by characters who expound evilness is some form or another – *The Android Invasion*'s Styggron, *Terror of the Zygons*' Broton, *The Sontaran Experiment*'s Field-Major Styre – are surely a separate area of study. This is not to say that aliens cannot be villains, merely that villains must be recognisably individual and autonomous, more than just a mouthpiece for a set of other baddies. *City of Death*'s Scaroth, for example, being the last of the Jagaroth, clearly qualifies by virtue of his uniqueness. Evil is surely bound to personal transgression; such a definition more-or-less eliminates henchmen and lieutenants loyal to the twisted ideals of a cruel master – *Marco Polo*'s Tegana, *Genesis of the Daleks*' Nyder (we will, however, muse upon some of these in passing). The *Doctor Who* villain, therefore, is any one individual who is a principal exponent of evil in any one story.

"In Doctor Who's villains we see no less a thing than evil incarnate"

Luckily, spotting the villain is a reasonably straightforward task. Before moving on to categorise and classify villains by degree and type of sin, we can make a few general observations about the appearance and ideals of the baddie. writer/critic Umberto Eco makes a few valid points about the James Bond villain which may help us here. Briefly summarised, Eco notes that the Bond villain is usually "a member of a non-Anglo-Saxon race . . . [who] places self-interest above all ideals, does not recognise any claims of duty or loyalty, carries a taste of luxury to excess, relies unduly on bureaucratic planning . . . and, of ▶

A boorish bureaucrat with facial hair: *Paradise Towers'* Chief Caretaker scores a villainous double whammy

course, embodies the principle of death, usually in the form of a conspiracy directed against the peace and security of the Western world."

We can find countless examples of *Doctor Who* villains who conform to Eco's checklist. Obviously, outright aliens such as Omega, Sutekh and Eldrad are pointedly "non-Anglo-Saxon", but so are unreconstructed Old (Germanic) Saxon types such as Professor Zaroff (*The Underwater Menace*), Theodore Maxtible (*The Evil of the Daleks*) and even Count Grendel (*The Androids of Tara*). Self-interest and disloyalty are adequately displayed in figures such as Grendel, a would-be killer of his King, and *The Caves of Androzani*'s Morgus, who actually kills his President in a bid to conceal his own duplicities. Those decadents in gilded palaces include the obvious (Nero in *The Romans*, *The Happiness Patrol*'s Helen A) and the not-so-clear (art and Countess-collector Scaroth again, plus *The Invasion*'s Tobias Vaughn, a spider whose web extends out from his labour-saving fully-automated penthouse). Inflexible, pen-pushing desk jockeys are obviously spoofed in The Collector (*The Sunmakers*), less plainly so in the cold and logic-dependent Klieg and Kaftan (*The Tomb of the Cybermen*). And must I really quote any examples of those who represent a direct threat to the sanctity of life?

Purposely omitted is another of Eco's priori – that the villain is "sexually perverse" is some sense or other. The strictures of tea-time television have never allowed *Doctor Who* villains to fully vent their carnal desires – unlike Bond villains, they're institutionally impotent and necessarily disinterested (as is our hero, a passing fancy for San Francisco surgeons notwithstanding; the negative attributes of Eco's villain should rank against corresponding positives in the hero – loyalty, improvisation, devotion to free will). But we might note shades of a certain unseeming lust in both Sharaz Jek's and the Borad's fascination with Peri (both want her for their mate), or in Magnus Greel's need to have young girls procured for him.

There may, in fact, be a sexually sadistic impulse in any villain who feels the need to tie up/torture/imprison/revel in the death agonies of his victims (the Collector, for example, gets terribly excited over the prospect of a good 'steaming'). Such speculation is probably out of place in a family magazine such as this, but there can be no mistaking the wants of three First Doctor villains: lonesome furrier Vasor (*The Keys of Marinus*), the all-hands Emperor Nero and the whip-wielding El Akir (*The Crusade*), all of whom get very worked up over prim schoolteacher Barbara Wright (it must, we presume, be a Big Hair thing).

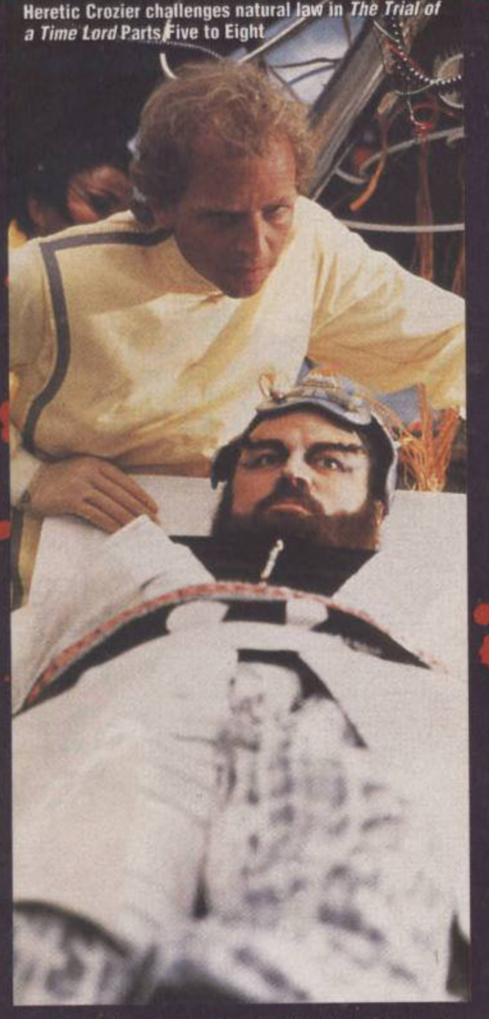
Given *Doctor Who*'s largely non-PC representation of gender roles, it'd not be overstepping the mark to state that all the series' female villains are, by definition, "sexually perverse", hence my use of the male "he" and "his" in referring to the villain throughout. Female villains are largely dragged-up ball-breakers or domineering shrews who display none of the positive attributes ascribed to womanhood elsewhere in the series – compassion, an ability to be easily disgusted, a natural aptitude for making tea. A self-evident signpost of female villains' excess testosterone, to which there are less than a handful of exceptions – Hilda Winters, Lady Peinforte, Helen A – is that from Vivien Fey to Lady Adrasta to the Rani they most often wear trousers.

No less unsophisticated are other visible signifiers of *Doctor Who* villainy. If the bad guy's Orientation – his foreign-ness – is not directly flagged (we'll return to this), his vileness must be written on his body in one of several other ways. External scars, wounds and blemishes give these internally-damaged individuals away, most plainly, *pace* El Akir, Magnus Greel, Sharaz Jek, *Vengeance on Varos'* Quillam and many more. Like Shakespeare's hunchbacked and knotted Richard III, who claims that "love forsook me in my mother's womb", figures such as Davros and the Borad wear corrupted bodies like a badge. (The very worst, indeed, have no bodies at all. Morbius, Fenric and sometimes the Master, we assume, are too foul to even be granted a physical shape, and must flit about possessing others. The Master's tenancy even causes a nice young paramedic's frame to physically decay in the TV Movie. What a rotter.)

Beards are significant, too. The Master, The War Lord, Solon, Grendel, Soldeed, Aukon, Rorvik, Gavrok and many others all have barbs of facial hair revealing, naturally, barbarity. The evil beard is long-established in literary forms – the wife-murderer Bluebeard of fairytale, the deeper archetypes of satyrdom, of Pan, of the Devil himself. (Amusingly, the novelist and critic Marina Warner has pointed to the Crusades of the 12th century as being responsible for spreading 'the mark of the goat' throughout Europe; sight of the tufts of the 'heathen' Saracens led clean-shaven Christians to metaphorically 'turn from God' by putting their razors aside. El Akir is to blame, we presume.) Likewise, the villain who wears black, as so many do, suits *Doctor Who*'s view of polarised Good and Evil, as witnessed in the painfully iconic Black and White Guardians, the show's Yin and Yang. Other properties of the identikit *Who* villain will become clear as we descend deep into the series' very own Pit of Hell . . .

Avaricious Sinner Captain Pike. ***The Smugglers***

BBC Videos [3] BBC [1]


Heretic Crozier challenges natural law in *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Five to Eight

Batman has the Arkham Asylum, Dante his Inferno – places where the damned are left to fester forevermore and contemplate their crimes. Picture, if you will, a *Doctor Who* equivalent, where each level further into the heart of darkness discloses a new and more awful rank of villainy. Who will we find at the very bottom? Whose is the ultimate evil? Who's the lowest of the low?

SINNERS

Around the topmost circle of this eternal prison are the common-or-garden Sinners, sane men fallen victim to the frailest of human impulses. Here we find the greedy and grasping: *The Smugglers'* Captain Pike, *The Highlanders'* Solicitor Grey, *The Space Pirates'* Caven, *Colony in Space*'s Dent, *Nightmare of Eden*'s Tryst. Here too we find everyday murderers – *The Rescue*'s Bennett, *The Gunfighters'* Johnny Ringo – and opportunists who chanced their arm and failed when temptation came their way: *The Power of the Daleks'* Bragen, *Carnival of Monsters'* Kalik. We see the proud and envious, those who are compelled to evil action by fear of either losing their position or by their inability to cope with others' success or succession (*Planet of Giants'* Forrester, *The Masque of Mandragora*'s Count Federico, that man Grendel again).

Here among the Lost Souls we also find the zealots, the bigots: *The Aztecs'* Tlotoxl (a rare example of a villain figure who goes unpunished), and explicit imperially-minded racists such as *The Mutants'* Marshal, *The Power of Kroll*'s Thawn, possibly *Warriors' Gate*'s Rorvik, certainly *Remembrance of the Daleks'* unreconstructed Mosleyite Ratcliffe. One discovers traitors, assassins and mercenaries moaning and groaning here (Tegana, El Akir, *Warriors of the Deep* double-act Solow and Nilson, *The Caves of Androzani*'s gun-runner Stotz); maybe lieutenants and henchmen squirm alongside them (unless, like *The Seeds of Doom*'s Scorby, they've had a sudden change of heart around the time their master's gone completely mad in the last two episodes). These, then, are the bread-and-butter bad guys, those whose fundamental crime is their weakness of spirit.

HERETICS

Beneath the Sinners we find a group we shall term the Heretics. Key members are the Professors Zaroff, Stahlmann, Whitaker, Sorenson and Solon, Mr Theodore Maxtible, Davros of Skaro, the Rani of Gallifrey and Crozier; they might otherwise be referred to as *Doctor Who*'s Mad Scientists, but such a title is a more than a little misleading. 'Mad' is not a term to be used lightly, however fond the Doctor himself might be of bandying about the same (cf Davros). No, these people are presented as villains not because they may or may not be mentally unhinged, but because their science actively defies either God, or nature, or both.

"We had to act," the Time Lords claim defensively after their conspiring to halt Crozier's experiments on Thoros Beta at the climax of *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part Eight has been revealed. Why? In the story, Crozier has succeeded in his stated ambition to enable the transference of any living mind into any living body – in short, he has perfected a method of bestowing immortality upon any individual whose body is a bit clapped-out. Rather than, say, having the Universal Medical Council or some other learned body debate the ethics of such a breakthrough in public, the Time Lords arrange to have a bearded barbarian run amok with a high-energy weapon inside Crozier's lab, presumably ending the scientist's studies in the most terminal manner possible. Now, the Time Lords are none-too-well-disposed towards such researches. They've previously dumped the Fourth Doctor on the blasted planet Karn, where one Prof Solon has built a new body from dead bits in order to house and thus perpetuate the brain of a Mr Morbius; before that, they've packed him off to Skaro, where a Davros is intending to ensure that the doomed Kaled race will continue on as blobby green things inside armoured casing. And the Time Lords frown upon such activities because it is *they* who are the immortals in *Doctor Who*; they, I suggest, are the series' olympian style Gods. Through science, Crozier, Solon and Davros all seek to challenge what the Time Lords perceive as the natural evolutionary order – indeed, the latter is actually thrilled to contemplate a power which would put him "up above the Gods", according to one of *Genesis of the Daleks'* two eminently quotable speeches – and the Gods will not allow it.

The Daleks, then, are presented as an actual blasphemy – as are not only Morbius' new body and Kiv's immortality, but also Zaroff's Fish People, Maxtible's alchemy, Stahlmann's drilling project in *Inferno*, Whitaker's attempt to restart humanity's evolution in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, and so on. All these men in some sense challenge an established order of things – the inevitability of death, or time, or metallurgy – and all are handsomely punished. It's worth invoking two mythic parallels here: the obvious one is the legend of Prometheus, 'the life bringer', whose sorry tale is suggested in the full title of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein, or The Modern Prometheus*, itself a clear source for *The Brain of Morbius*. The second is the Old Testament allegory of the Tower of Babel. In a nutshell, it was decided by the descendants of Babylon to build an immense tower which would ascend into Heaven, so that Man might parley with his Creator. After more than 43 years' construction, the Creator, outraged by their presumption, struck the Tower's builders with the curse of different languages. Now suddenly unable to communicate effectively with one another, the project ground to

"Figures such as Davros wear corruped bodies like a badge"

“Many of the Doctor’s greatest foes might well have been bullied, lonely children”

The Seven Deadly Sins

(and a few of the bad guys who committed them)

Pride

Eldrad *The Hand of Fear*

Well, it comes before a fall. And any baddie who falls into a bottomless chasm must, *ipso facto*, be pretty damn proud. As it is with Eldrad, who doesn't show even a twinge of humility upon learning that the people he/she's waited millions of years to dominate are now, in fact, extinct.

Covetousness

Lady Adrasta *The Creature From the Pit*

Covets metal, and keeps it all locked up to herself. Then imprisons a friendly alien blob who threatens her monopoly. Not very nice at all. Thankfully, ends up squished by aforementioned blob. Hurrah!

Envy

Count Grendel *The Androids of Tara*

Is jealous of his neighbour Prince Reynart's title, castle, lands – and probably his ox, his ass, his manservant and moustache as well. Swashbuckling swine!

Lust

The Master *Doctor Who*

Seen in bed with Bruce the ambulanceman's missus in the TV Movie. Dishonourable mentions for both *The Romans*' Nero, who chases Barbara Wright through the corridors of his palace, and *City of Death*'s spaghetti-headed alien Scaroth, who marries at least one Earthwoman under false pretences – and if one of his 13 personas did it, who's to say his others didn't? Is he a multiple bigamist, or what?

Anger

Sharaz Jek *The Caves of Androzani*

So, your face has gone all runny. So, girls start gibbering when you approach. So, Maurice Roeves is pumping bullet after bullet into your back. But are these good reasons to [a] smash your own laboratory up and [b] stick your arch enemy's head in a whirring machine of some description? In with anger, out with love, we say. Calm down!

Gluttony

Shockeye *The Two Doctors*

Fat bloke who guzzles dismembered Sontarans, live rats and later has slap-up banquets at Oscar's *Hacienda d'Lard*.

Sloth

Kane *Dragonfire*

Hangs around 3,000 years on a blasted clump of ice before he can even be bothered to send anyone *else* outside after the monster who could set him free. Yes, we know it's cold, and you've been a bit down ever since the Proamons did in your gal, but you could at least make an effort once in three millennia. On your bike!

BBC Video [8] BBC [2]

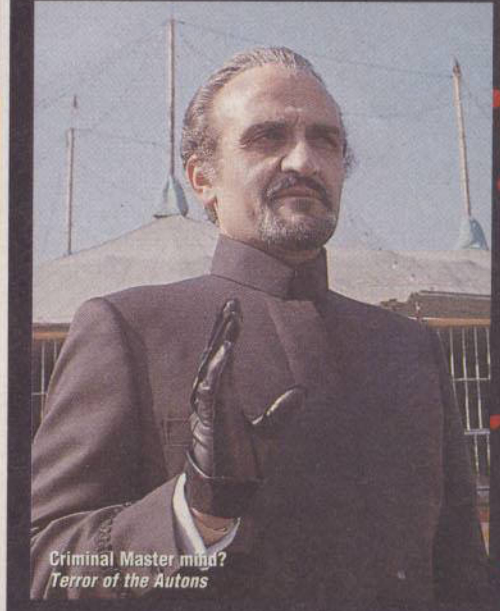
a halt and the Tower got no higher. In this light, it's interesting to note how Stahlmann and Sorenson, who release dark, unknowable forces in *Inferno* and *Planet of Evil* respectively, are both 'punished' by being reduced to grunting, bestial inarticulacy. They, and all these other mentioned Heretics, visit upon themselves cruel wrath for putting their Babels of the mind into practice.

Oh, and for all the 'orrible murders they most often do.

MASTER CRIMINALS

"This man . . . is, unquestionably, the most malign and formidable personality existing in the known world to-day . . . Imagine a person, tall, lean and feline, high- shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan . . . long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science past and present . . ." The quote is from Sax Rohmer's *The Mystery of Dr Fu-Manchu*, but we *Doctor Who* fans will not be fooled; Rohmer's stoical Nayland Smith speaks surely of the Master.

Many meanings of the Master were debated in these pages just a few months ago [*The Trial of a Crime Lord*, **DWM** 254]. I don't propose to go over the same ground twice, and I shall use the phrase "the Doctor's Moriarty" only to indicate the template from which the Master was forged. Professor Moriarty was not merely Sherlock Holmes' 'arch-enemy'; he, like Fu-Manchu, like TS Eliot's Macavity the Mystery Cat, like Dr Nikola, Fantomas, Ian Fleming's Blofeld and Father Brown's Flambeau, was a Master Criminal, a Napoleon of Crime, an arch-conspirator probably responsible for any number of devilries. The point is that these Master Criminals' influence only reveals itself through the fact that it is undetected. "When a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!" – and, perversely, that's how we know that he was. As it is with the Master; no history book records his meddling with Atlantis (*The Time Monster*), with Magna Carta (*The King's Demons*), or with the Luddites (*The Mark of the Rani*). Ditto the (Meddling) Monk and (perhaps) the Rani. Such a figure, as revealed above, is a pulp culture stable; latterly he's been incarnated as *The X Files*' Cigarette Smoking Man and chums, responsible for any pivotal incident of the century you care to imagine (JFK's assassination being but one).

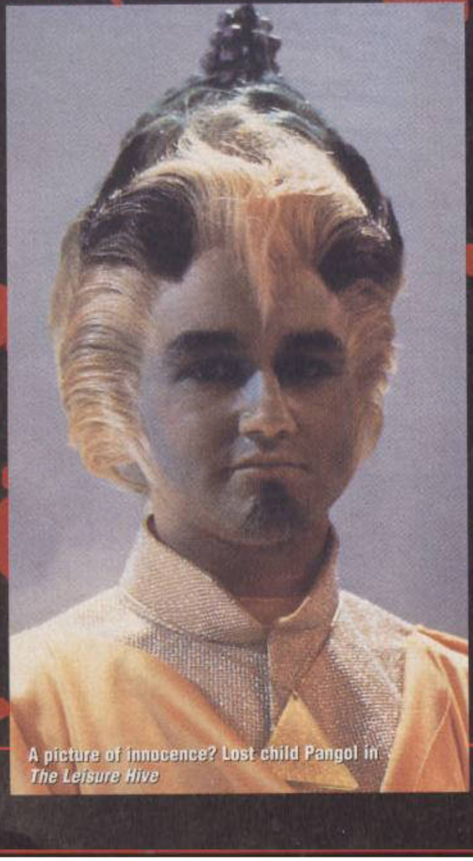


Criminal Master mind?
Terror of the Autons

The Master, of course, appears in several different guises. Often, he seems to be a harbinger of terror from the East. The Indian-style Nehru jacket he wears off and on betwixt *Terror of the Autons* and *Frontier in Space* suggests this directly; he even dresses up as Fu-Manchu – sorry, Kalid – in *Time-Flight*. Other Eastern-influenced *Doctor Who* villains include figures such as *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*'s Magnus Greel, the *Arc of Infinity* Omega and even the Sea Devils of *Warriors of the Deep*. In his book *Snobbery With Violence*, critic/novelist Colin Wilson posits the vogue for the 'inscrutable' "Chinaman-Villain" in turn-of-the-century pop culture as a product of the burgeoning middle-classes' desire to see a new bogeyman replace the "villain of the old melodrama": "He was the Devil of the miracle plays with tail . . . concealed by frock-coat . . . The costume was significant. In the eyes of Victorian labourers and artisans it was the uniform of the man . . . who, by reason of advantages of birth, education or wealth, was able to cheat them. He was generally a lawyer or a landlord . . ." Amusing how the Master's second uniform, from *Logopolis* to *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Thirteen and Fourteen, is exactly this – a black frock-coat. Oriental super-nasty to money-grabbing parasite of the Industrial Revolution; the wheel turns . . .

LOST CHILDREN

Blurring the boundary between the Master Criminal and the next clear category, the Tyrant King, are a minor pantheon of cultists and ideologues – criminals who attempt to conceal their dictatorial ambitions beneath an educated facade. Klieg and Kaftan imagine their innately logical New Order to be enforced by the 'perfect' Cybermen, a long-forgotten menace who might only be uncovered by the application of the sciences of archaeology and mathematics; likewise *Silver Nemesis*' De Flores and *The Invasion*'s Tobias Vaughn [see *J'adore the Cybermen*, **DWM** 244]. Kin to these are cold and withdrawn sociopaths such as Robot's Hilda Winters and her SRS, *Image of the Fendahl*'s Aryan Maximilian Stael, *The Leisure Hive*'s Pangol, *The Seeds of Doom*'s Harrison Chase and *The Robots of Death*'s Taren Capel.



A picture of innocence? Lost child Pangol in *The Leisure Hive*

Tyrant King Jano fails to impress his will upon the First Doctor in *The Savages*

All of the above fancy themselves to have transcended humanity, to be beyond their brothers, and all seek solace in other phenemona which contradict their very being. Thus Hilda Winters' devotion to untrammelled scientific advancement, Pangol's devotion to war and death, Harrison Chase's affinity with plant life and Taren Capel's love of robots. Truthfully, there probably is scope for ordinary psychological analysis of these; one might feasibly suggest that all were bullied, lonely, only children who withdrew into books and swotting, plotting their hatred of humankind from a very early age. Is it too much to presume that the emotionally retarded Harrison Chase, aged 13-and-a-half, gave up on giving disinterested girls bouquets and struck up a relationship with the self-same flowers instead? Let us label these Lost Children, and then move swiftly on.

TYRANT KINGS

We've already suggested some attributes of the Tyrant King – a taste for luxury, and so on. Writer Paul Oppenheimer, in his book-length meditation on *Evil and the Demonic*, suggests some more, based on studies of such as the Roman emperor Caligula: public philanthropy, private malevolence; vulgarity; revisionism; a certain charisma; plus – and here's what they have in common with those Lost Children – an Utopia-building desire for social re-organisation around themselves, the dictator as Godhead in a new heaven.

Stand up, Nero (*The Romans*), Catherine de Medici (*The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*), Mavic Chen (*The Daleks' Master Plan*), Jano and the Elders (*The Savages*), Salamander (*The Enemy of the World*), Davros, The Collector, Lady Adrasta (*The Creature From the Pit*), The Borad (*Timelash*) and Helen A (*The Happiness Patrol*). Stand up also Morgus, 'cos you've got an empire, too. These hoarders and gang-leaders are not only living proof of that old maxim about absolute power corrupting absolutely, they also adhere to that famous poem about wanting to be the leader: after repeatedly whining and pleading to be the leader, the (new) leader, having power only for its own sake, asks: "Now what shall we do?" Is it so surprising that these demagogues fill such a vacuum of purpose with deluded, egocentric expressions of their own bloated desires?

Tyrant Kings share a compulsion to control and to suppress dissenting voices; some literally feed off their people – the Elders – most, metaphorically so. Membership of their clubs, their Elites, involves surrendering one's own personality – thus the blank-eyed, clipped, emotion-free Nyder, thus the perma-grinning goons who comprise the Happiness Patrol. Helen A is probably the most rounded, uncomplicated presentation of a Tyrant King in the series – a would-be omnipresent force (her 'broadcasts' via fruit machines), a propagandist ("Happiness will prevail"), a bread-and-circuses sadist in Caligula mode (hence the Forum), she's eventually revealed as little more than an emotionally crippled Lost Child herself,

Killer queen? The leathered-up Lady Adrasta in
The Creature from the Pit

able to grieve for a dead pet but not the thousands disappeared at her insistence.

More twisted still is Davros, whom we've already classified a Heretic. He's both. Hannah Arendt, who came up with the phrase "the banality of evil" to discuss the horrors of the Nazi state, wrote of "an absolute evil" emerging in the final stages of totalitarianism ("absolute because it can no longer be deduced from humanly comprehensible motives"). *Genesis of the Daleks'* bunkers and blasted battlefields plainly paint a picture of the final days of the Second World War, and Davros' efforts to engineer an entire race in his own ruined image is surely a Final Solution of sorts. Says Paul Oppenheimer: "if evil itself involves a bitter contempt for humanity, or humanity as it is, one may anticipate that while obliterating human minds, such regimes will attempt to redesign human bodies." Thus the Daleks, the absolute evil which the Doctor refuses to eliminate in *Genesis of the Daleks* in anticipation of the "some great good" which may arise from resistance to them. In *The Happiness Patrol*, the Doctor states his belief that happiness is nothing without sadness; so it is with the Daleks, the utter evil which they are (not which they represent) making absolute good meaningful by contrast. In the *Doctor Who* universe, heroes are nothing without villains, and vice versa.

Back to the subject in hand. Davros, like many others, is a villain out of time; his evilness exists against a backdrop of time in reverse, a never-ending war of attrition, a future world where battle is fought with backward weapons (where, indeed, the war between the Kaleds and the Thals is fought over the war itself – a sort of apocalyptic Kafka loop). Heretics are likewise displaced – their schemes are too advanced, their intellects too great for the now. Villains are usually out of step with ourselves, anomalies whose very presence is an affront to the normal progress of things (for example, the Elders suspend progression, both Professor Whitaker and Scaroth want to reverse it altogether). Such a characteristic is fundamental to our understanding of those who inhabit the next circle of villainy, the Dead Men.

DEAD MEN

Dead Men are those whose time is up, who should have passed into history, whose time has been and gone. Some are deposed Tyrant Kings: Morbius, *The Hand of Fear*'s Eldrad, *The Ribos Operation*'s Graff Vynda-K, *The Pirate Planet*'s Xanxia. Some have been imprisoned: *The Stones of Blood*'s Cailleach/Vivian Fey, Meglos, *Paradise Towers*' Kroagnon, *Dragonfire*'s Kane. Some have cheated Death's certain embrace, usually with ghastly consequences for their complexions: Magnus Greel, The Master of *The Deadly Assassin* and beyond, Scaroth, Sharaz Jek. They're often divorced from their roots in quite literal ways – Magnus Greel has been thrown back 30-plus centuries, for example, Eldrad dismembered and flung across the galaxy – and often skulk in dank, cemetery-like surroundings becoming to their UnDead status. And, despite the most compelling of circumstances, Dead Men won't lie down (bar Kane, inhabitant of what is fundamentally a giant morgue, who at least has the good grace to top himself when he discovers that the people he wishes to revenge himself upon died out millennia ago). Even iconographically, they are consumed by, possessed by death: *The Deadly Assassin* Master is the closest literal presentation of a traditional Death figure in the series, a Grim Reaper grinning skull in black cowl; Sharaz Jek plainly wears a Death mask.

PALE HORSEMEN

These Dead Men must, however, be seperated from more meaningful figures of actual Death. Confusingly, in *Pyramids of Mars* the Doctor tells us that Sutekh is also known as Satan, but that cannot be true. For Sutekh is Death, and here's the reasons why.

Sutekh is the last of the Osirans, the "Typhonian Beast". He possesses awesome but unspecified powers of mass destruction – and, we're told, would pause only in his scorching of a world to pull the wings off a fly. "Your evil is my good," he tells the Doctor. "I am Sutekh the Destroyer. Where I tread I leave nothing but dust and darkness. I find that good." Put simply, Sutekh is an irresistible force of nature; he inverts notions of evil and good not out of any necessary misanthropy or immoral imperative, but because he is anti-life. Isn't he, therefore, more of a Pale Horseman – the rider of the Apocalypse who signifies death – than a Satan figure?

Paul Oppenheimer draws attention to a particular passage in Thomas Harris' *The Silence of the Lambs*, where cannibalistic serial killer Hannibal Lector asks lilywhite FBI agent Clarice Starling if she can bear to state that he is actually evil. "I think you've been destructive. For me, it's the same thing," she replies. "Evil's just destructive?" he says. "Then storms are evil, if it's that simple. And we have fire, and then there's hail. Underwriters lump it all under 'Acts of God'."

Hannibal Lector is a thoroughly evil man. He takes sane and simple pleasure in being very bad. And, although he'd laugh himself silly at the suggestion, he and Sutekh are of much the same ilk: rationally irrational forces for destruction – for, well, evil. Sutekh, and *Doctor Who*'s other Horsemen of the Apocalypse – the Virus of *The Invisible Enemy*, and the Fendahl – commit deeds which appear to be evil. But was Sutekh born bad, or made bad? Until that is determined, we'll never resolve the question of his – or the Virus', or the Fendahl's – actions. Sutekh can claim Diminished Responsibility for now; he certainly *believes* himself to be a typhoon of death, whatever anyone else thinks.

BORED GODS

The Sutekh problem is also encountered by those attempting to prosecute other of *Doctor Who*'s 'bad God' figures: the (Celestial) Toymaker, the Black Guardian, *Enlightenment*'s Eternals, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*'s Gods of Ragnarok, Fenric. These, in fact, are more 'bored God' figures than anything else; all bar the Guardian are desperate to be entertained by and/or play games with mortal beings. Through these characters, *Doctor Who* affects the battle of Good and Evil as some great cosmic chess match – and, one presumes, we viewers are supposed to affect an Olympian detachment as these very games are played out for our amusement in turn.

A Bored God in need of mortal diversion:
The Celestial Toymaker

BBC Video [3] BBC [1]

"The only serious Satan figure for our consideration is the horned beast Omega"

THE DEVIL

So, to the bottom of the Pit of Hell we go. Where's our Satan, our Lucifer, our Lord of Darkness? Which arch-miscreant is *Doctor Who*'s very Devil?

Going by appearances alone, Azal the Daemon would be a very strong contender, all goaty beard and cloven hooves. In truth, Azal's a minor Bored God at best and – the destruction of Atlantis and a couple of squashed yokels aside – doesn't really perpetrate a proper evil act comparable to even some of the smallest Sinners. The Destroyer, then – *Battlefield*'s Charles Atlas with horns? Um, no. We might consider the Devil in more esoteric terms, as an arch-tempter – the Master? – perhaps, or as any evil impulse capable of 'possessing' otherwise innocent human beings, which throws the field wide open to all comers.

The only serious Satan figure for our consideration as such is Omega, whose given history – involving suns and falling from heaven to reside in a black nothingness – bears comparison to the saga of Lucifer the morning star, who sought to rise higher than the other stars and fell, and whose subsequent equation with the Devil derives from the Biblical quotation "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven" (Luke 10:18). Well, Omega does at least have horns after a fashion. But, given that he's a fallen Time Lord, and that I've repeatedly positioned the Time Lords as the Olympian gods of Greek myth, there's another fallen angel who presents himself as a far more convincing model for Omega: Hephaestus, the "great artificer of the gods, an incomparable worker in metal. He raised the shining palaces of Olympus, forged the marvellous armour of Achilles, and made the necklace of Harmonia . . ."

After quarrelling with Zeus, we learn, Hephaestus was cast "from the heights to the island of Lemnos, where he fell maimed and wounded". It doesn't take too much effort to draw up a list of similarities between the two tales: great stellar engineer/ great artificer, Zeus/ Rassilon, black hole /island of Lemnos . . . The Eye of Harmony/necklace of Harmonia, ahem, 'coincidence' seems to, frankly, over-egg the pudding.

Omega's no Devil, then – rather a plain Dead Man painted in shades of Heretic. And perhaps it's just as well. We don't actually have to go looking for any supreme spirit of evil at the bottom of our pit, some fanged fiend whose vileness shines through all that hellfire and brimstone. The truth of the matter is that *Doctor Who*'s Devil has many faces. Sometimes he wears a beard, dresses in black, has a scar or a limp; other times he's a small-minded official, or a technological nabob in a gilded penthouse. He might appear to us as a Sinner, a Heretic, a Master Criminal, a Lost Child, a Tyrant King, a Dead Man, a Pale Horseman, a Bored God, or as a jumbled combination of all these; he might even raise his fist to the heavens and, in a fractured German brogue, proclaim, "Nuzzink in the vorld can stop me now!"

The Devil's in every single *Doctor Who* adventure; some part of him is in whichever villain we're watching at the time – be he Solicitor Grey, Salamander or Sutekh. And every battle fought between the Doctor and the Villain, however small or great their menace might appear to be, is a battle for the highest possible stakes – and every beaten villain, hoist by their own petard and screaming hopeless last promises of vengeance, is one more lost to that big old Man in Black at the bottom of that Pit.

Then there's the one major baddie I've not yet mentioned. The Ultimate Foe, if you will.

According to Dante, there's another resident with Satan in the fiery depths of the Inferno. This tortured soul's legs stick out from one of the Devil's many mouths, consumed in pain for all of Infinity's lease. He's Judas, the traitorous disciple.

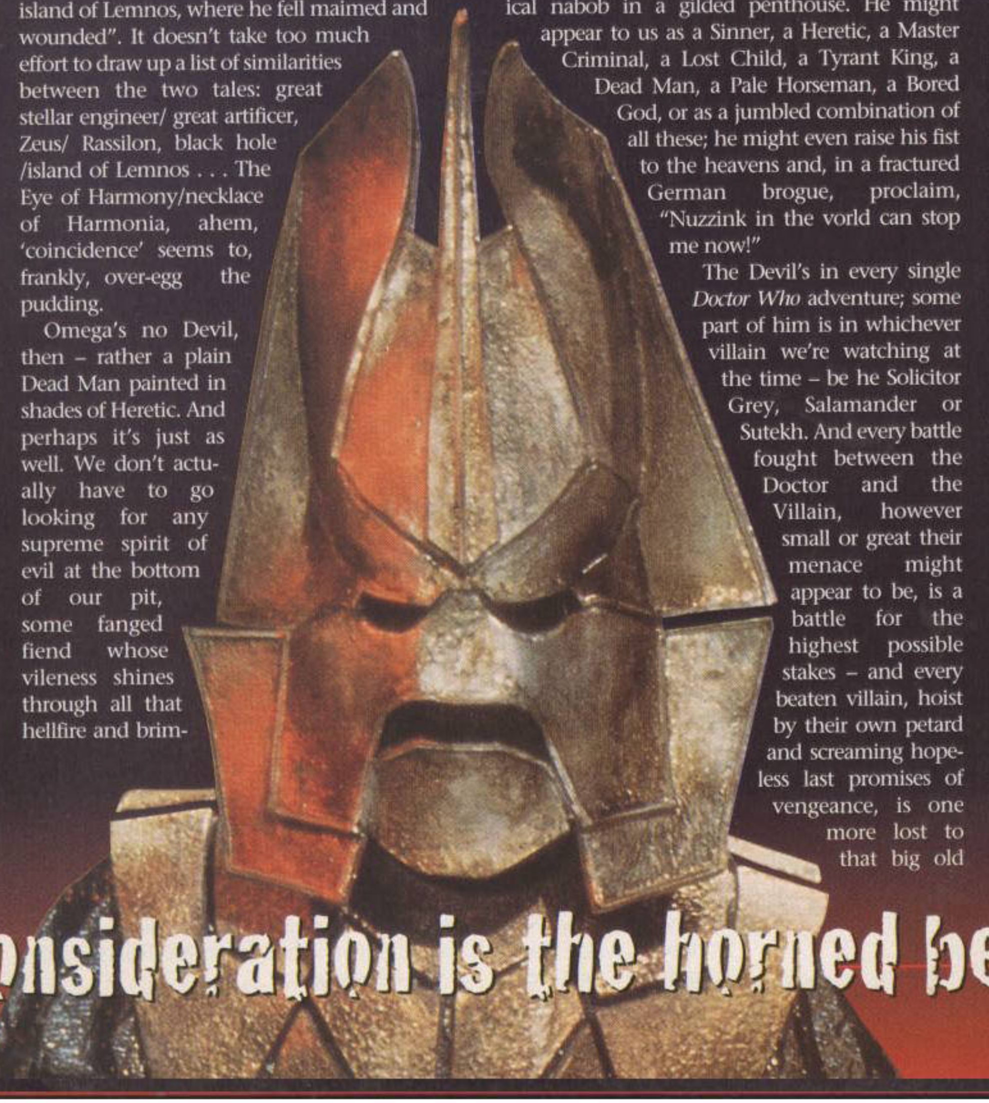
Earlier, I promised one villain whose existence could only be explained by amateur psychology. Our hero's own dark side, a black figure composed of sheer self-loathing. A seething hotbed nursing unacted desires, perhaps. He's the Valeyard, the Doctor's own prosecutor throughout *The Trial of a Time Lord*, and we learn that he is an amalgam of all the darkest parts of the Doctor, a vision of how the Doctor might become in his 13th incarnation. 13 is, of course, a significant number when considering a Judas.

It would be highly satisfying if the Doctor and his own worst impulses could be re-integrated – or maybe the two could be cast into some great spinning vortex, to wage their battle over our hero's Id forever. Instead, the *Trial* saga concludes with strange gobbledegook about 'megabyte modems'. We've no sense of how the Valeyard came to be – only that, like all proper supervillains, he secretly survives the showdown.

Which is entirely right and proper; it's greatly comforting to know that our hero's goodness is unadulterated, that his bad side festers, vengeful, waiting for his day to come. We know that good and evil cannot exist without the other. We've only the certainty that the Doctor and his Dark Half must one day lock horns again –

And that will be a Final Battle we just can't wait to see. DWM

The Ultimate Foe? The treacherous Valeyard in
The Trial of a Time Lord



The life & times of Jackie Jenkins

Jackie and Chas make a pilgrimage to a certain high street bookstore. But will Tom Himself make their day?

It was, for Chas, a near-biblical apparition that emitted forth from an unassuming door marked "Private". Had this divinity clasped not a carrier bag but two stone tablets and a staff, had he worn not a beige mac but a cascading robe and sandals, I too could've taken him for Moses.

One hand raised in a welcoming gesture, he announced his own arrival, and the very floor did seem to shake.

"If God had a voice," whispered Chas, "he would sound like Tom."

Day of Reckoning My queue companion and I (Nigel was late) share differing perspectives. I only realised how much I missed and loved *Doctor Who* after six years of successfully ignoring it. Chas, on the other hand, never went away. For me – with bunches, a hatred of classmate Darren Barry and a deep-seated belief that I may well be bionic – title sequence blue was but one of many colours. For Chas, it was the event of the week. A fleeting 25 minutes replayed in the mind, bedroom and playground, edited, exaggerated and bent out of shape. John Noakes was a kid, Chas said, a big, outsized kid, a daredevil, a fearless buffoon who, in the name of factual programming and *Blue Peter*, regularly attempted to kill himself before the evening news. Yet for all that idiocy and disregard, he never kicked evil's arse like Tom did. Tom was a hero.

"And what do you say to a hero?" By the time we were uncomfortably positioned alongside the Joanna Trollopes, Chas had visibly whitened and I, unsigned autobiography in hand, was without an answer.

Photography section Ahead, a voice like a trumpet resumes a *Planet of Evil* conversation consisting of little else than swapping jungle superlatives. This foliage appreciation, conducted with volume and fervour, was to smother a suggestion from one brave group member that it'd all been at the expense of the final episodes being played out against flat grey walls and a glass table.

"I suffered with Tom in that," spat Chas with something of resentment, and informed me, not for the first time, of a scarring incident that befell him in a West Bay caravan in 1975.

On the Saturday of the aforementioned story's premiere, a primary-aged Chas, excited by a late, impromptu holiday, became hyper, chattering and squealing like a gibbon until he was eventually threatened with the cruellest weapon in his parents' armoury: denial of that night's episode. By five o'clock, with effort and a few angelic contrivances, he thought he'd pulled them back on side, but in approaching the caravan had inadvertently stepped in dog's mess and trodden it from the door, up the centre of the van and through to the kitchen area at the rear. All was lost.

It's odd, I find, how many of Chas' reminiscences involve dog poo; he tells them as if the feet of all five year-old boys are magnetically drawn to the stuff.

Banished to the opposite end of the van, he elaborates how, not 15 feet away, the portable played Part One. The reason was that Chas' family often holidayed with another and their child, a girl of similar age with little adventure but cleaner shoes. She, on request, was to verbally repeat the adventure in its smallest of details. When the carpet was washed and smell forgotten, Chas, dissatisfied with a monster he thought poorly described, asked his mum. Within minutes, screaming in a tantrum of disbelief, he'd found himself once more banished to the opposite end of the van.

"Invisible red string thing." What kind of dodgy description is that anyway . . . other than an entirely accurate one.

WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?
WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?
DECALOG

WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?
TOM BAKER?

Then, laments Chas, being a kid and being a *Doctor Who* fan was to be hooked on adrenalin. When it's withdrawn, it was bad.

Leaving Non-Fiction Tom, still unseen, becomes audible and my guts nag into life. I blame Chas, whose anticipation had transformed into a very tangible sense of fear. Tom laughs and every rich peal of it rings upon my large intestine.

We turn into Hobbies, where the great man can now be heard with crystal clarity.

"To Brian, did you say? I once knew a Brian who farted like a buffalo!" The queue erupts in hilarity whilst I pray hard and fast that Tom knows not a single Jackie.

"I fought for that man." I'd heard this one too, where Chas, using his Aston Villa bag like a slingshot, had fetched down Alan Higham for suggesting Captain Kirk was better. He returned home, school shirt ripped and, reeking of the dog's mess he'd rolled in, retired to his room to re-read half of *Giant Robot* in assurance that he was right.

With fewer than 30 people between ourselves and our Doctor, I realise Chas wasn't alone with such baggage. For my bedroom poster of Tom, I'm convinced, observes me. He's shared bad hair days, witnessed sad dance routines, caught me in what could be described as The Full Katy and, most tragic of all, stared in silent judgement at the mistake I made when a party accidentally renewed my acquaintance with Darren Barry. He still pulled my hair.

Media Chas was, by now, virtually transparent when I, mouth dry as sandpaper, expressed astonishment to observe Nigel, not 18 places ahead, calling Tom "mate" and introducing him to girlfriend Nicky Parrot, who squawked at our hero like she'd just finished a cylinder of helium. Flipping closed his signed copy of *Who on Earth . . .*, Nigel caught sight of us and bellowed down the shop an inquiry as to where we'd been!

The queue reduced . . .

. . . and then reduced some more, past Trumpet Boy's entourage, to us.

It was all I could do not to vomit over the table. Beaming through cheeks as full of smile as a pneumatic tyre is of air, Tom enquired after our names. Chas, emitting an almost audible performance of the Hallelujah Chorus from his mind, nevertheless regurgitated his with Roboman emotion. I, no better, volunteered something sounding like "Jammy".

And then it was over. He knew nothing of Chas' battles, of my Glitter-like stomping to *Doctorin' the TARDIS*, only that we showed up in a desire to give something back. To show that we cared. And that, although our vocabulary failed us, seemed enough.

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk. No other correspondence by e-mail, please. For details of back issues, see page 17. Subscriptions enquiries to the address on page 41 only.

BENNY LESS?

I wrote to you several months ago regarding the future of the Virgin *New Adventures* in your publication. You stated that the *NA*s would continue to get reviews, albeit in a shorter form. Why is it then that in **DWM**s 257 and 258 the *New Adventures* fail to get any reviews at all? Virgin kept the series going from 1990 to 1997. How can you now justify cutting them off from the *Doctor Who* universe by not reviewing them in **DWM**? In **DWM** 258, you had a leading article about K9's new adventure series on the TV. In her own right Benny Summerfield is also a former companion of the Doctor. How is it that with one issue you promote the ongoing Doctorless stories of one sort, and don't bother to review those of another form?

Indeed, even the video adventures *Shakedown* and *Downtime* (and now *Auton*) get reviews, but not the *NA*s. On the whole **DWM** seems to have a very odd approach to these things. Can we now have the final **DWM** decision on the position of the *NA*s in your publication, so that those of us who still look for *NA* reviews needn't bother if they're not going to be there!

AS Woods
via e-mail

A 'definitive statement', then. But first . . .

The omission of Deadfall *from* **DWM** *257's* Shelf Life *was down to the most mundane of possible reasons – we simply didn't receive a review manuscript from Virgin early enough. Necessarily, we would have had expected our reviewer to cover both that, and November's* Ghost Devices, *and BBC Books' own two November releases, all in* **DWM** *258 – and that's only that month's* novels, *let alone assorted non-fiction/video releases/audio tapes . . .*

And therein lies the rub. There's a long **DWM** *tradition that* Shelf Life *is written by one columnist with an individual style, as opposed to the fragmented approach to review columns adopted by other science fiction magazines. However, expecting one individual to read and digest up four novels – albeit usually three – in a very short space of time (deadlines often require all the books to be read in the space of just a few days) is a bit much even for the usually indefatigable Dave Owen . . .*

The whole point of the Bernice New Adventures *is that they should exist unto themselves – they contain characters and references only to other of the* New Adventures, *not directly to televised* Doctor Who *stories (unlike the video spin-offs you mention). Virgin hope that the Bernice* New Adventures *will acquire their own readership wider than merely* Doctor Who *fans. This is laudable, and we wish them all the best – but we've now seen them through the first five 'Doctor-less' releases.*

We will continue to include details of all the upcoming Bernice books in Collectors' Heaven. *But we now don't believe that they have quite enough connection to television* Doctor Who *– they are not 'licenced' in any way, after all – to merit a higher profile in our already jammed pages.*

That said, we'd be happy to reconsider if enough of you disagree. Have we got it right or wrong? One way or another, write and let us know . . .

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Slimy capitalist Sil

Imagine my surprise, while reading your fascinating piece on the aborted Season Twenty-Seven [*What if?*, **DWM** 255], to be mentioned by [former *Doctor Who* script editor] Andrew Cartmel as one of of the writers he had been considering. This related to a script I submitted early in 1989 – but whilst I knew Andrew was very enthusiastic, I never realised I had come close to a commission. Perhaps your readers would like to know a few details about my 'lost story'?

The ClockWise Cuckoos featured the return of the Autons, as they attempted to invade Earth by infiltrating a TV gameshow, fiendishly replacing the smarmy host and his bimbo assistants with plastic replicas – well, would *you* be able to tell the difference? Thus the Autons planned to transmit their insidious message into the homes of the viewers, activating deadly plastic clocks which had been distributed free of charge to gullible viewers . . .

As well as satirising naff TV Light Entertainment, the story also took a swipe at the world of marketing and consumerism (there were murderous 'He-Man'-style dolls, and plastic spiders which came free in boxes of cornflakes), and had a dig at the then-topical theme of yuppies – that slimy alien capitalist Sil returned, wielding a Filofax and mobile phone, and enjoying dips in his jacuzzi and trips around London in his limousine.

Somehow it didn't seem right to have an Auton story without UNIT, so there were in there as well, although since this was written before Battlefield UNIT was still under the control of Brigadier Crichton from *The Five Doctors* (but of course Lethbridge-Stewart was also called in to help out).

As must be pretty obvious, I was a bit of a continuity-freak fanboy in those days, although I don't know if Mr Cartmel realised I was just 18 years old. Whether *The ClockWise Cuckoos* would ever have been made is anybody's guess, but I think it might have proved popular – some barbed satire of modern life mixed with darker horrific elements, some snazzy filming around London landmarks, and a climactic struggle at the top of Big Ben. And I dare say the fans would have enjoyed the bit where the Controller of BBC1 turned out to be an Auton replica . . .

These days I work as a special effects model maker (I built much of the scenery for the Wallace and Gromit film, *A Close Shave*), but I still keep my hand in with a bit of writing. I hope one day to unleash upon the world a sci-fi thriller about a race of life-draining cybernetic fungi – but that's another story . . .

Matt Sanders
Bristol

A SELF-CONFESSED "OGRON" WRITES . . .

I have to say that this is getting ridiculous. Why is it every time you print a comment that in some way implies another sci-fi show is inferior to *Doctor Who*, you get a flurry of letters from persons sad enough to believe otherwise [*Timelines*, **DWM** 258]? Do they think that the American producers of *The X Files* and *Star Trek* and such are going to read **DWM** and say, "Ah well, if they don't like it, we may as well cancel the show!"?

I have to say that I agreed with most of the points in *Space buns and tea* [**DWM** 256]. Whilst I am myself a fan of all forms of *Star Trek*, even down to running a *Star Trek* Local Group, I quite agree that an IQ no higher than that of your average Ogron is needed to watch the ▶

Marcus Hearn remembers sixties *Doctor Who* writer Ian Stuart Black, who died recently . .

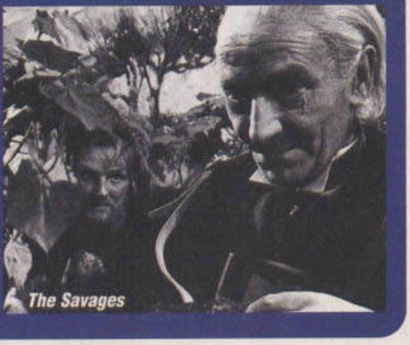
Although he was 75 when I met him in 1990, Ian Stuart Black boasted the vigour of a man many years younger. 50 years as a playwright, author and scriptwriter had done little to dampen his enthusiasm for the story-telling art he mastered with a success perhaps unrivalled among *Doctor Who* writers.

Ian's television career began with *Fabian of Scotland Yard*, one of the medium's earliest dramatic milestones; thereafter his CV included many of the small screen's highlights of the time. Series such as *The Adventures of William Tell*, *The Invisible Man* and *Sir Francis Drake* all benefited from his contributions. It was during this time that he devised *Danger Man*, the espionage thriller that proved one of the sixties' greatest television successes, developing outlines prepared by James Bond creator Ian Fleming.

He came to work on *Doctor Who* following a chance meeting. "I told the production team that my kids loved *Doctor Who* and they didn't think I was a proper writer because I'd never written for it!" Three of his serials were subsequently televised: *The Savages*, *The War Machines* (both in 1966) and *The Macra Terror* (in 1967). A loss of individualism through parasitical possession underpinned all three scripts, but it is perhaps of greater significance that in *The War Machines* Ian introduced a dynamic as alien to the programme as the serial's contemporary setting. It betrayed his sketchy knowledge of the show, and his admiration for what he described as a hard-bitten, down-to-earth American attitude. It was a breath of fresh air to a programme that was becoming set in its ways.

The sixties was a fruitful decade: he scripted the Dirk Bogarde film *The High Bright Sun* and wrote for such series as *The Man In Room 17* and *The Champions*. In 1975 Ian retired from television and became a prolific novelist. He relished the opportunity to adapt his three *Doctor Who* scripts for WH Allen, and was flattered (if bemused) by the continued interest in his work.

Some years after we met, I watched his television comeback – the beguiling *House of Glass* – and noted that he hadn't lost his touch. He came to mind again following a recent revival of his play, *We Must Kill Tony*, and the restoration of *The War Machines*. All proof – were any needed – of the enduring talent possessed by one of *Doctor Who*'s defining craftsmen.



The Savages

▶ show. There may be the odd episode that has "brains" but they are quite clearly the exception rather than the rule. If *Trek* fans are so clever, why is it that the most popular episodes – such as *The Way of the Warrior* and *The Best of Both Worlds* – are action-filled romps though space that require no more intelligence to watch than *The Big Breakfast*?

Of the many *Trek* fans I know, one and only one looks for "brains" in a story before impressive visuals and action. The more thought-provoking episodes, such as *Frame of Mind* and *The Thaw*, both favourites of mine, are generally classed as 'OK' episodes by your average fan. In fact, the only 'intelligent' episode held with any regard within *Trek* fandom is *The Inner Light*, and that is only because it won them an award!

For goodness' sake, if **DWM** prints an article slagging off your other favourite shows, don't complain. What's the use? It's mostly the personal opinion of the article's author anyway. Doesn't *Star Trek*'s Federation promote freedom of speech?

Mike Hall
via e-mail

REVISIONISM OF THE DALEKS

There's been a lot of controversy recently over John Peel's rewriting of Dalek history in BBC Books' *War of the Daleks* [*Shelf Life*, **DWM** 257]. Why is this? I mean, it's not as if the Daleks have ever been subject to such irritations as long-term consequences.

Take their first ever story. At the end of it they were completely wiped out. Then, less than a year later, they're back again, and kicking botty. It took them nearly five years to become alive again after being completely wiped out a second time in *The Evil of the Daleks*, but they managed it!

Then there's their invasion of Earth. Well and truly evicted they were when the good Doctor stopped by. But eight years later, they're at it again in *Day of the Daleks*!

Not to be outdone, in *Genesis of the Daleks* the Doctor goes back to their origins and sets them back a thousand years. Does this scupper – or even delay – their invasion plans in any way whatsoever? Not a chance!

When Ian Chesterton and Barbara Wright blew up the Daleks' time machine in *The Chase*, we thought we'd seen the last of it. But guess what the Daleks had in *The Daleks' Master Plan*?

At the end of *Genesis*, their creator, Davros, is comprehensively exterminated, annihilated, destroyed, killed. Done in. And left to rot in a bunker while the digging Daleks work around him. A thousand-odd years later, he's suddenly alive again, thanks to a hitherto unmentioned secondary life-support system (which is possibly the second most unconvincing excuse for bringing back a dead character in the entire history of TV, not to say the most unjustified. But I digress).

Davros is well and truly killed again in *Resurrection of the Daleks*, but blow me down, come *Revelation of the Daleks* he's none the worse for wear. What *does* he keep in that wheelchair of his?

The 'undestruction' of Skaro is tame in comparison; certainly it's not the worst aspect of *War of the Daleks*.

If a Dalek ever tries to sell you a car, I'd strongly advise you to buy it. If you happen to write it off, don't worry – just stick it in your garage for a few episodes and it'll be as good as new . . .

Paul Beardsley
via e-mail

Next issue . . .

Ginger spice!

At long last, Bonnie Langford breaks her *Doctor Who* silence – and tells the true story of her life as ever-perky eighties companion Melanie to DWM guest interviewer Sophie Aldred . . .

The DWM Archive summons *The Three Doctors*

Find out what Joe Bloggs thought of the Fourth Doctor's adventures in *Vox Pops*!

***The Faceless Ones* unveiled in a new *Telesnap Archive*!**

The bloody climax to *Tooth and Claw*!

***Shelf Life*! Jackie Jenkins! And a sleighful more!**

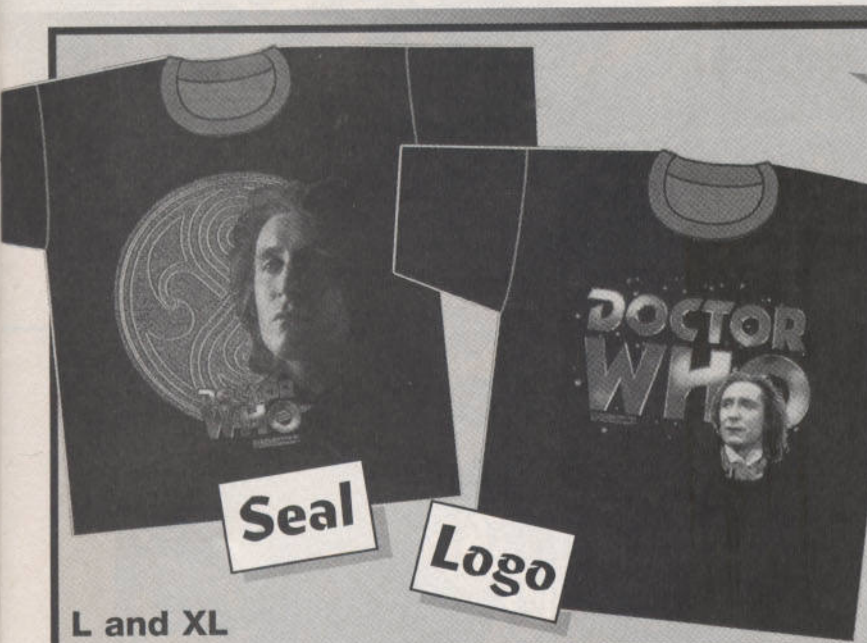
DWM 260

On sale 18 December

BURTONS

THE BIGGEST STOCKIST OF DOCTOR WHO BOOKS IN THE WORLD
OVER 500,000 BOOKS AVAILABLE

ANOTHER CRAZY BARGAIN FROM BURTONS


DOCTOR WHO
DOCTOR WHO

Seal

Logo

L and XL

Eighth Doctor T.Shirts

PREVIOUSLY £8.99 NOW

Only £3.00

Plus 85p p+p

CD ROM

DOCTOR WHO
DESTINY OF THE DOCTORS
BBC

DESTINY OF THE DOCTORS

£29.99 each plus £1 p+p

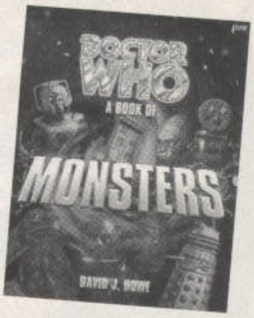
1998 CALENDARS

THE OFFICIAL 1998 CALENDAR
DR. WHO & THE DALEKS
DOCTOR WHO
Special Edition 1998 CALENDAR

£9.99 each

post free

BOOK OF MONSTERS


DOCTOR WHO
A BOOK OF MONSTERS
DAVID J. HOWE

£16.99 each plus £3 p+p

FREE PAUL McGANN T-SHIRT WITH THIS BOOK

Miniature Metal Doctor Who collectable game figures

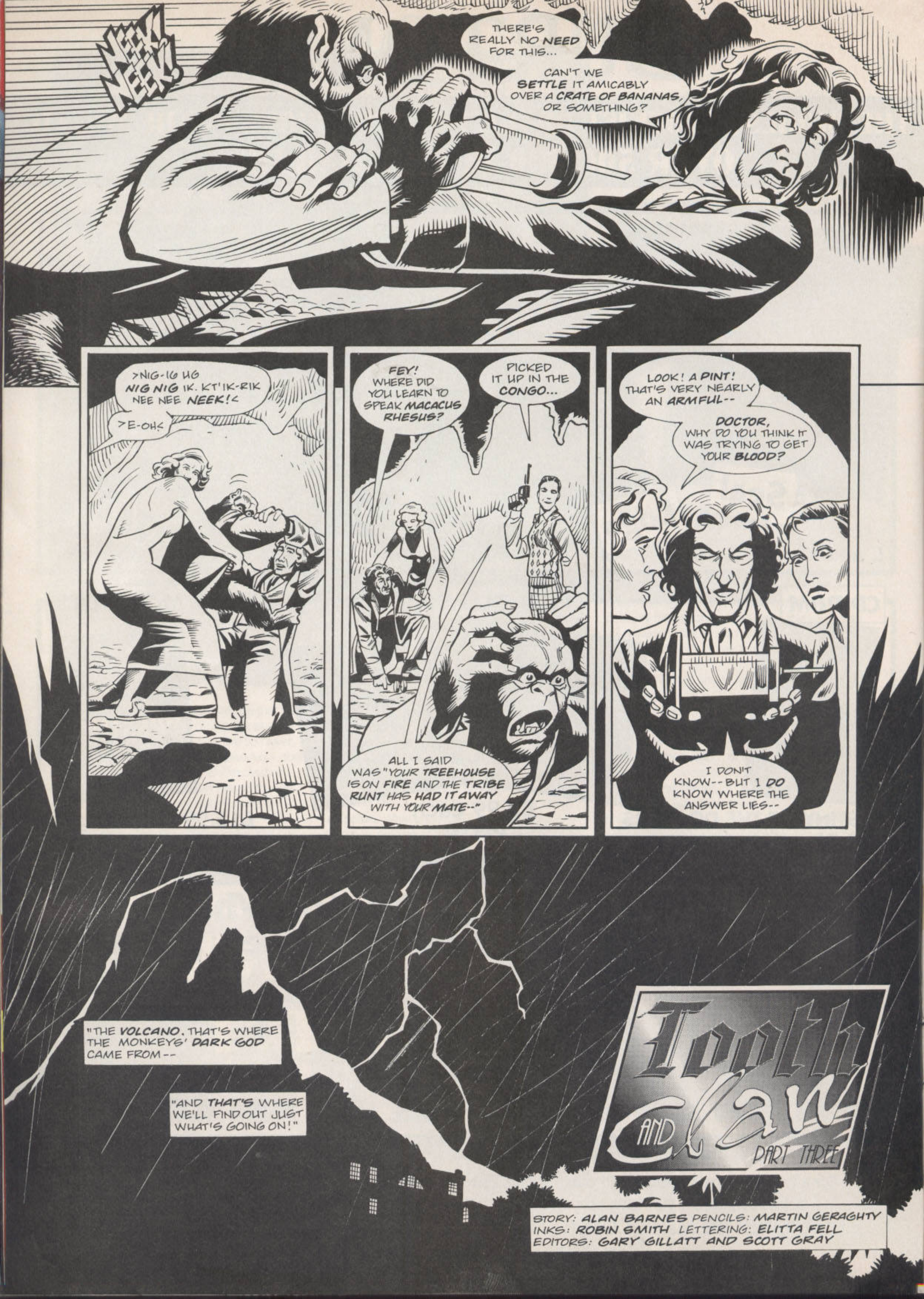
£2 each (Dalek £2.50)

Postage - 75p for first thereafter add 40p each to a value of £4.99

For a full catalogue of books and other Doctor Who bargains send two first class stamps to the address below or please call into our shop any Thursday, Friday or Saturday 9.30 - 4.30pm

BURTONS 20 Marine Court, Marina, St Leonards, East Sussex TN38 0DX

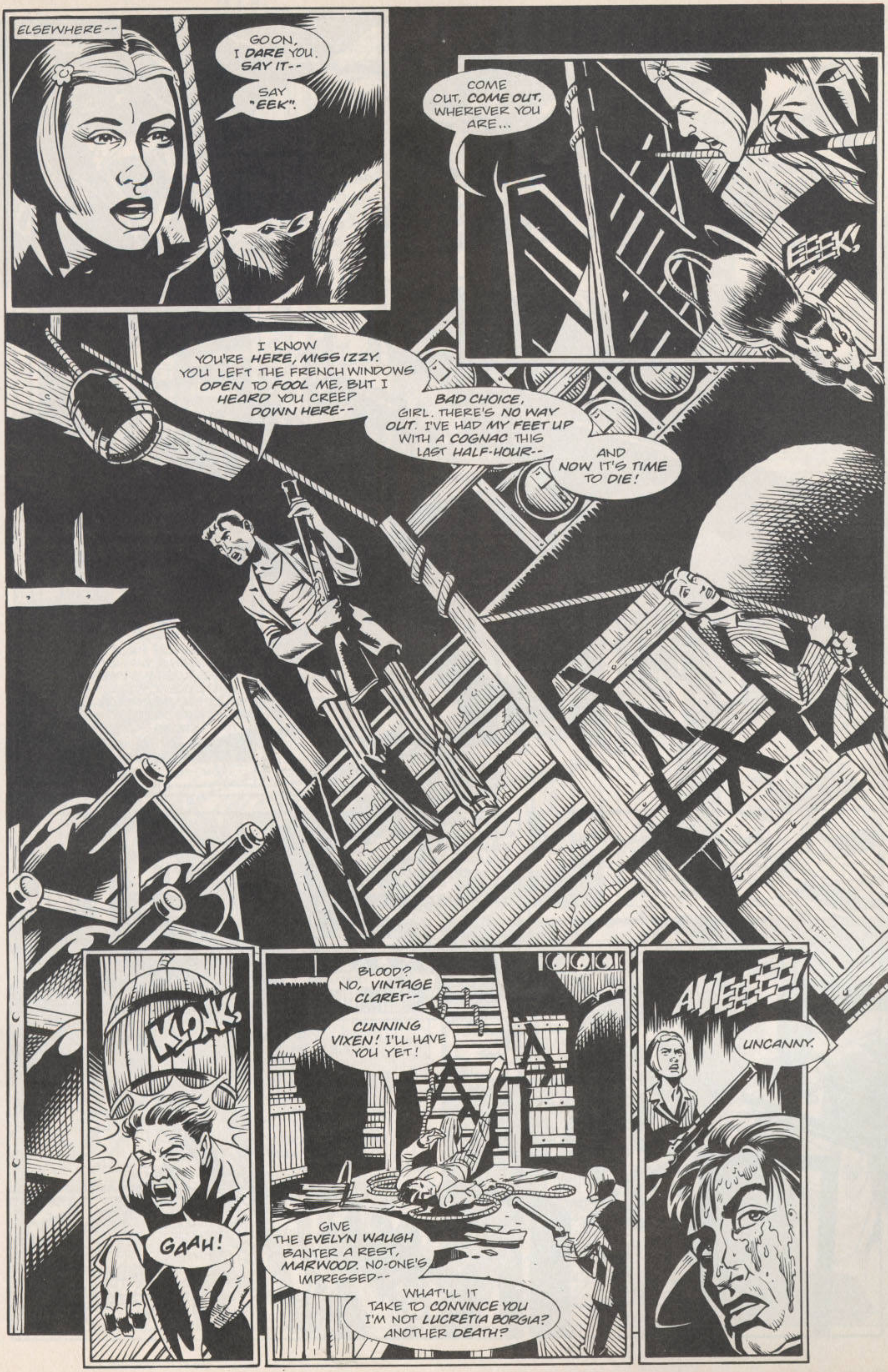
Tel/Fax 01424 436825

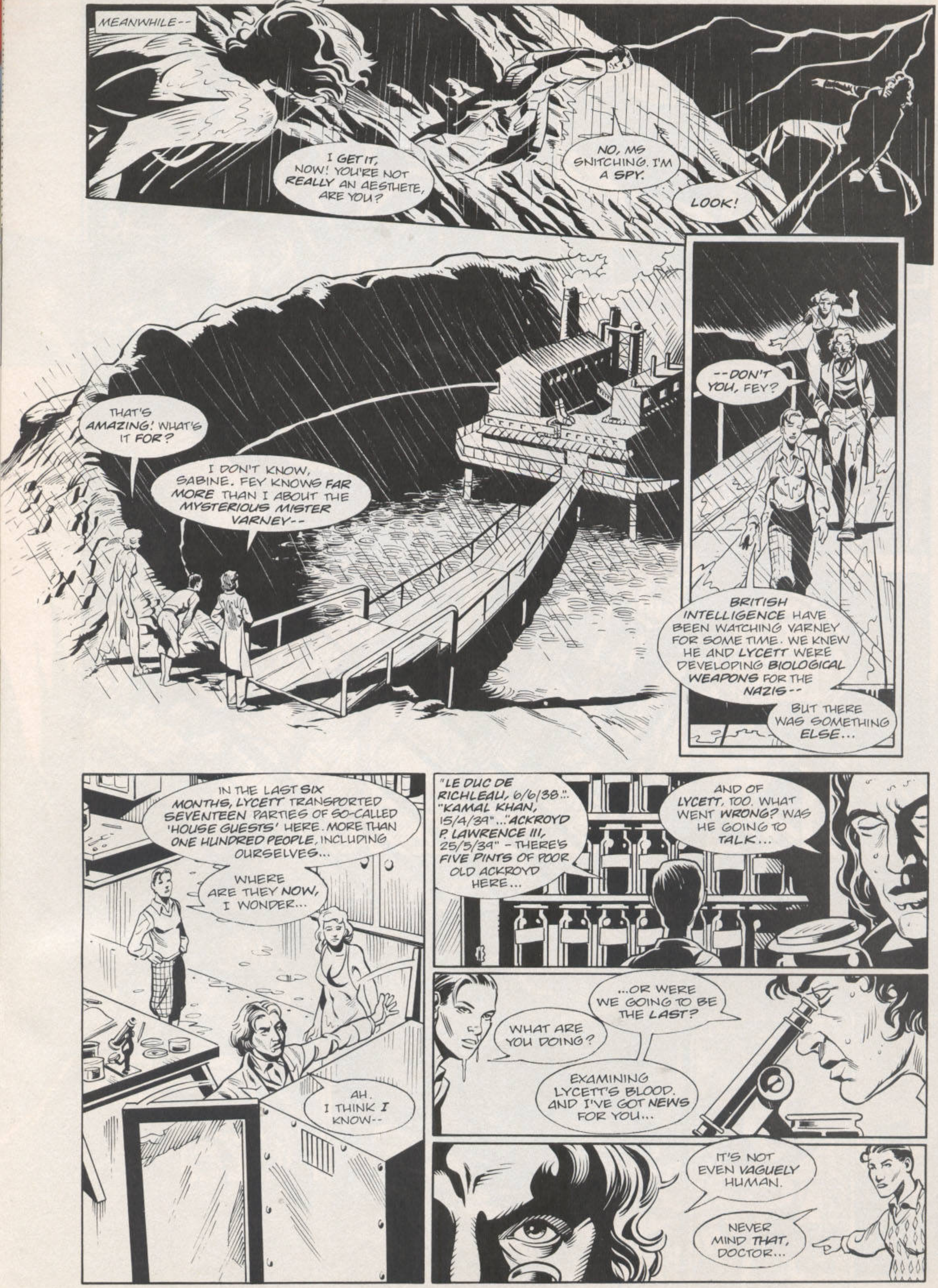

NEEK! NEEK!
THERE'S REALLY NO NEED FOR THIS...
CAN'T WE SETTLE IT AMICABLY OVER A CRATE OF BANANAS, OR SOMETHING?
>NIG-IG UG NIG NIG IK. KT'IK-RIK NEE NEE NEEK!<
>E-OH<
FEY! WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK MACACUS RHESUS?
PICKED IT UP IN THE CONGO...
ALL I SAID WAS "YOUR TREEHOUSE IS ON FIRE AND THE TRIBE RUNT HAS HAD IT AWAY WITH YOUR MATE--"
LOOK! A PINT! THAT'S VERY NEARLY AN ARMFUL--
DOCTOR, WHY DO YOU THINK IT WAS TRYING TO GET YOUR BLOOD?
I DON'T KNOW--BUT I DO KNOW WHERE THE ANSWER LIES--
"THE VOLCANO. THAT'S WHERE THE MONKEYS' DARK GOD CAME FROM--
"AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHAT'S GOING ON!"

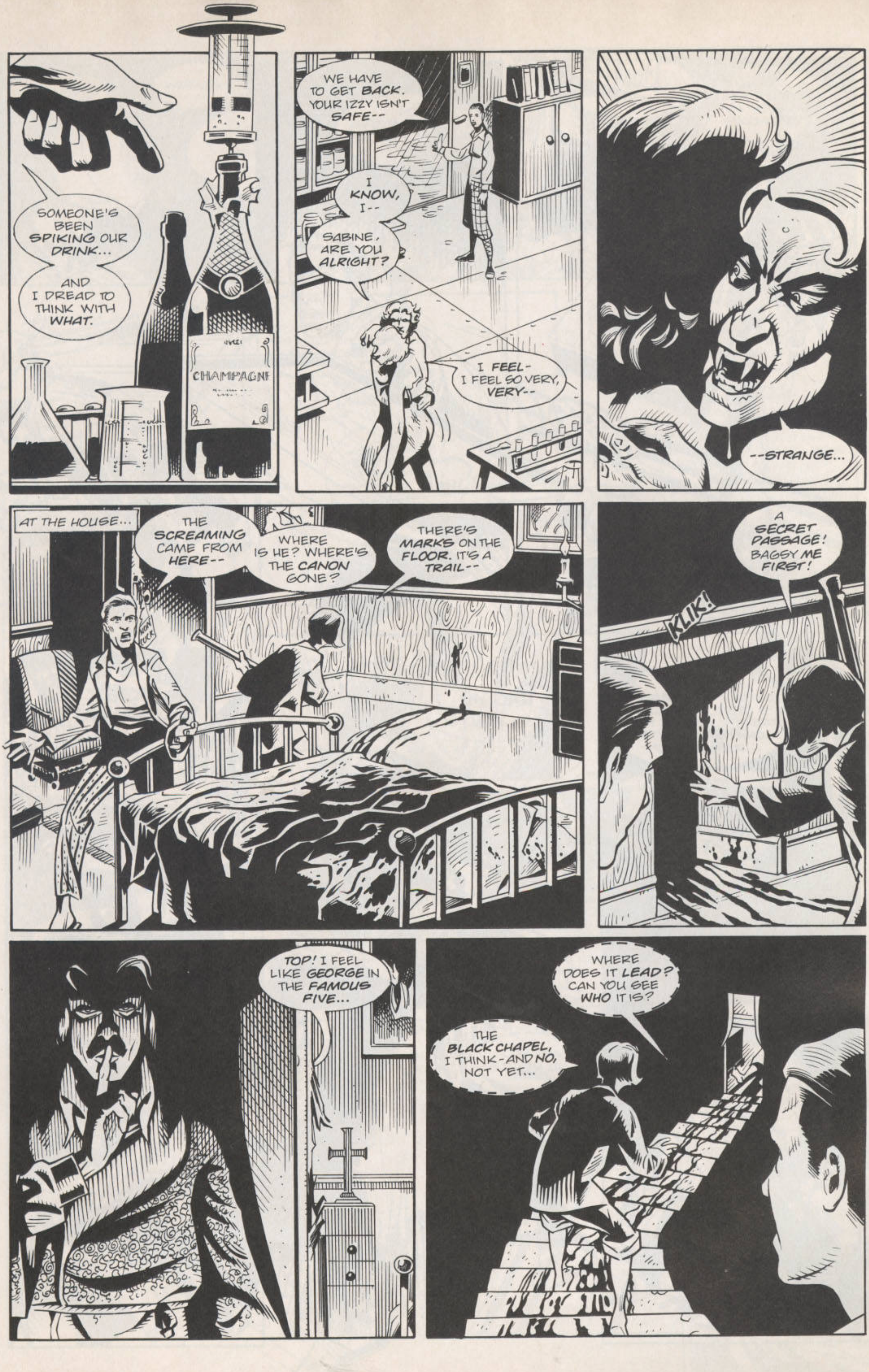
Tooth and Claw

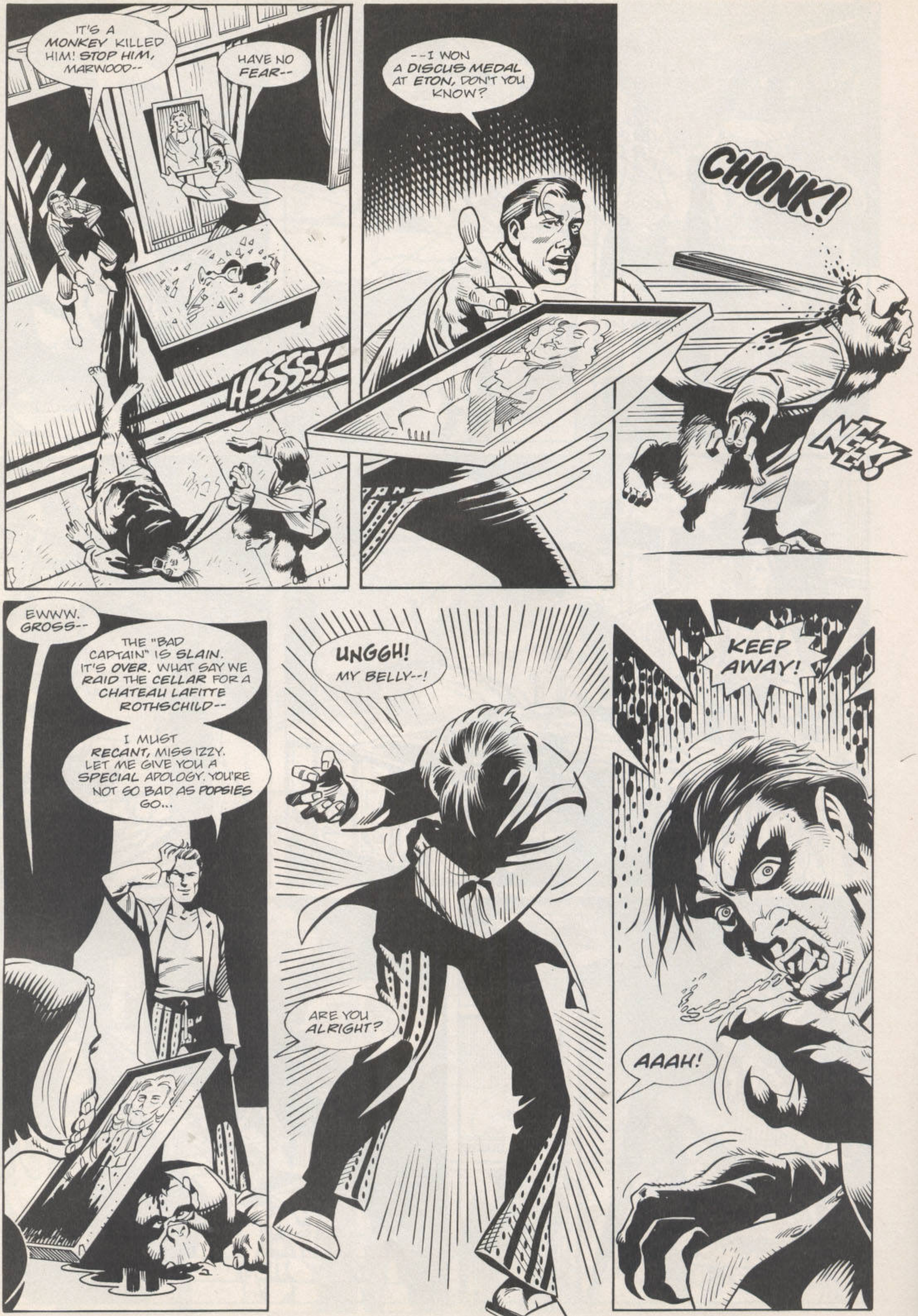
PART THREE

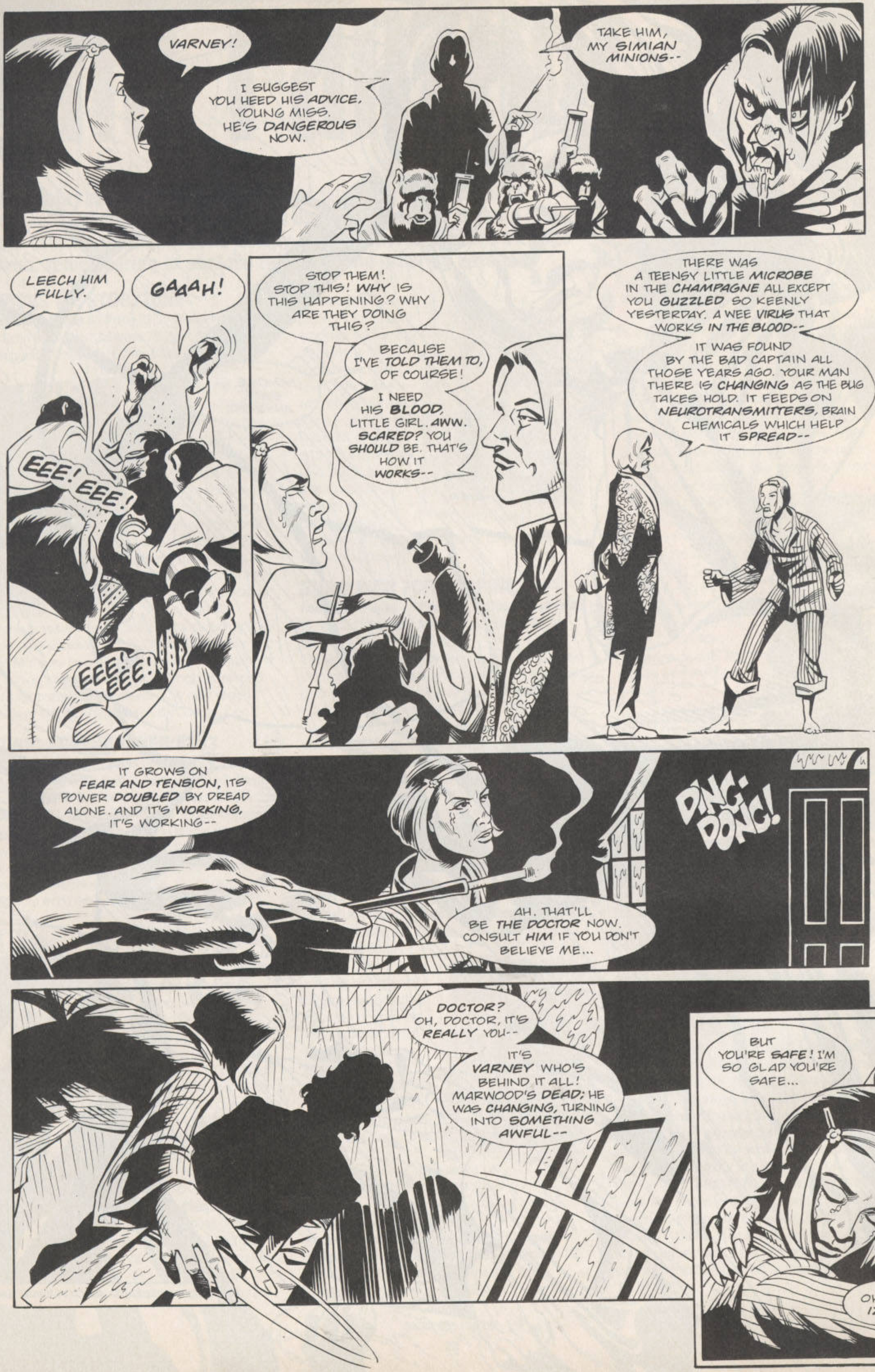
STORY: **ALAN BARNES** PENCILS: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKS: **ROBIN SMITH** LETTERING: **ELITTA FELL**
EDITORS: **GARY GILLATT AND SCOTT GRAY**

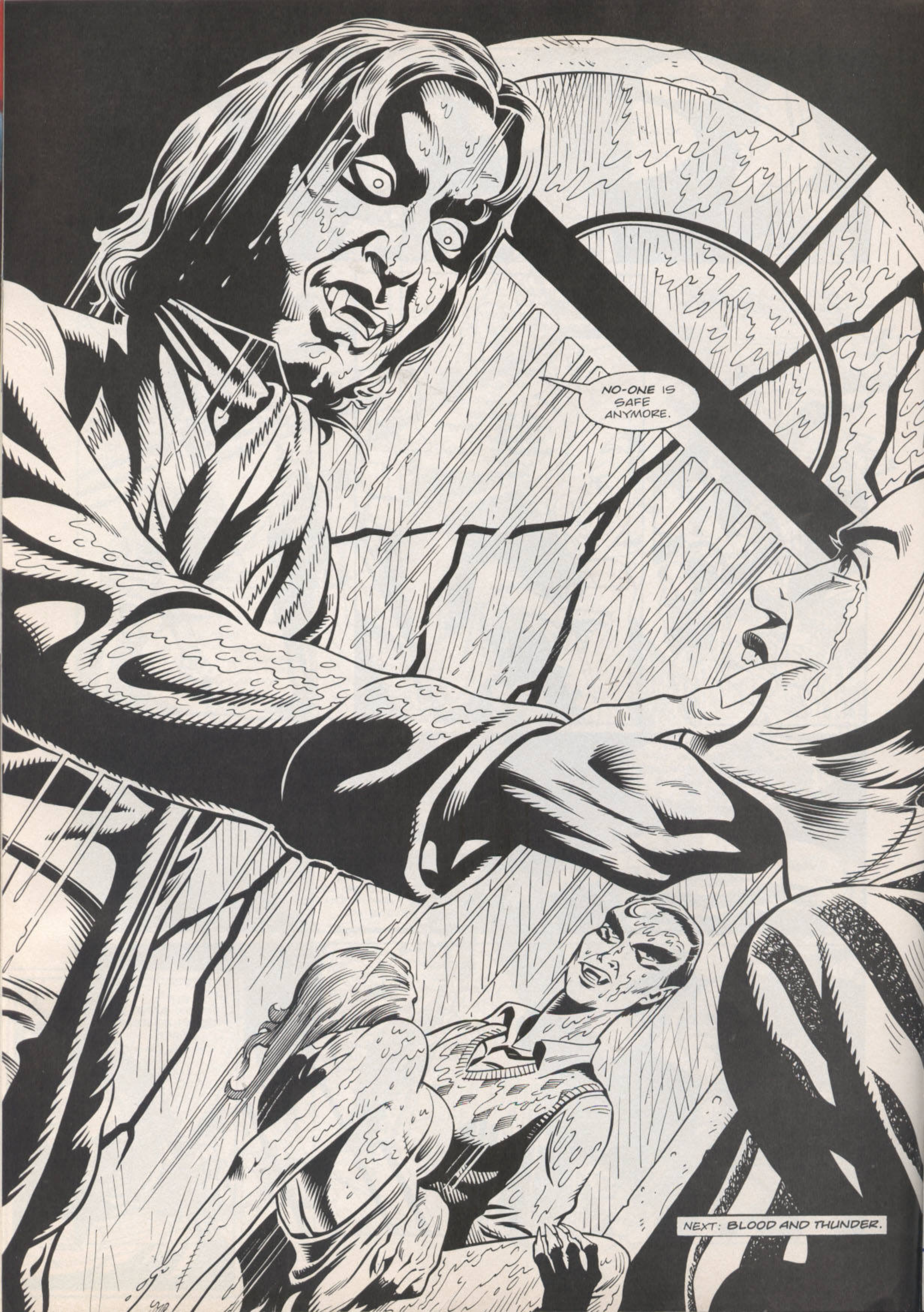

ELSEWHERE--
GO ON, I DARE YOU. SAY IT--
SAY "EEK".
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE...
EEEK!
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE, MISS IZZY. YOU LEFT THE FRENCH WINDOWS OPEN TO FOOL ME, BUT I HEARD YOU CREEP DOWN HERE--
BAD CHOICE, GIRL. THERE'S NO WAY OUT. I'VE HAD MY FEET UP WITH A COGNAC THIS LAST HALF-HOUR--
AND NOW IT'S TIME TO DIE!
KLONK!
GAAH!
BLOOD? NO, VINTAGE CLARET--
CUNNING VIXEN! I'LL HAVE YOU YET!
GIVE THE EVELYN WAUGH BANTER A REST, MARWOOD. NO-ONE'S IMPRESSED--
WHAT'LL IT TAKE TO CONVINCE YOU I'M NOT LUCRETIA BORGIA? ANOTHER DEATH?
AIIEEEEEE!
UNCANNY.


MEANWHILE--
I GET IT, NOW! YOU'RE NOT REALLY AN AESTHETE, ARE YOU?
NO, MS SNITCHING. I'M A SPY.
LOOK!
THAT'S AMAZING! WHAT'S IT FOR?
I DON'T KNOW, SABINE. FEY KNOWS FAR MORE THAN I ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS MISTER VARNEY--
--DON'T YOU, FEY?
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HAVE BEEN WATCHING VARNEY FOR SOME TIME. WE KNEW HE AND LYCETT WERE DEVELOPING BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS FOR THE NAZIS--
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE...
IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, LYCETT TRANSPORTED SEVENTEEN PARTIES OF SO-CALLED 'HOUSE GUESTS' HERE. MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE, INCLUDING OURSELVES...
WHERE ARE THEY NOW, I WONDER...
AH. I THINK I KNOW--
"LE DUC DE RICHLEAU, 6/6/38."..."KAMAL KHAN, 15/4/39"..."ACKROYD P. LAWRENCE III, 25/5/39" - THERE'S FIVE PINTS OF POOR OLD ACKROYD HERE...
AND OF LYCETT, TOO. WHAT WENT WRONG? WAS HE GOING TO TALK...
...OR WERE WE GOING TO BE THE LAST?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
EXAMINING LYCETT'S BLOOD. AND I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU...
IT'S NOT EVEN VAGUELY HUMAN.
NEVER MIND THAT, DOCTOR...


SOMEONE'S BEEN SPIKING OUR DRINK...
AND I DREAD TO THINK WITH WHAT.
CHAMPAGNE
WE HAVE TO GET BACK. YOUR IZZY ISN'T SAFE--
I KNOW, I--
SABINE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
I FEEL- I FEEL SO VERY, VERY--
--STRANGE...
AT THE HOUSE...
THE SCREAMING CAME FROM HERE--
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S THE CANON GONE?
THERE'S MARKS ON THE FLOOR. IT'S A TRAIL--
KLIK!
A SECRET PASSAGE! BAGSY ME FIRST!
TOP! I FEEL LIKE GEORGE IN THE FAMOUS FIVE...
WHERE DOES IT LEAD? CAN YOU SEE WHO IT IS?
THE BLACK CHAPEL, I THINK- AND NO, NOT YET...


IT'S A MONKEY KILLED HIM! STOP HIM, MARWOOD--
HAVE NO FEAR--
HSSSSS!
--I WON A DISCUS MEDAL AT ETON, DON'T YOU KNOW?
CHONK!
NEEK!
EWWW. GROSS--
THE "BAD CAPTAIN" IS SLAIN. IT'S OVER. WHAT SAY WE RAID THE CELLAR FOR A CHATEAU LAFITTE ROTHSCHILD--
I MUST RECANT, MISS IZZY. LET ME GIVE YOU A SPECIAL APOLOGY. YOU'RE NOT SO BAD AS POPSIES GO...
UNGGH! MY BELLY--!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
KEEP AWAY!
AAAH!


VARNEY!
I SUGGEST YOU HEED HIS ADVICE, YOUNG MISS. HE'S DANGEROUS NOW.
TAKE HIM, MY SIMIAN MINIONS--
LEECH HIM FULLY.
GAAAH!
EEE! EEE!
EEE! EEE!
STOP THEM! STOP THIS! WHY IS THIS HAPPENING? WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS?
BECAUSE I'VE TOLD THEM TO, OF COURSE!
I NEED HIS BLOOD, LITTLE GIRL. AWW. SCARED? YOU SHOULD BE. THAT'S HOW IT WORKS--
THERE WAS A TEENSY LITTLE MICROBE IN THE CHAMPAGNE ALL EXCEPT YOU GUZZLED SO KEENLY YESTERDAY. A WEE VIRUS THAT WORKS IN THE BLOOD--
IT WAS FOUND BY THE BAD CAPTAIN ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. YOUR MAN THERE IS CHANGING AS THE BUG TAKES HOLD. IT FEEDS ON NEUROTRANSMITTERS, BRAIN CHEMICALS WHICH HELP IT SPREAD--
IT GROWS ON FEAR AND TENSION, ITS POWER DOUBLED BY DREAD ALONE. AND IT'S WORKING, IT'S WORKING--
DING-DONG!
AH. THAT'LL BE THE DOCTOR NOW. CONSULT HIM IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME...
DOCTOR? OH, DOCTOR, IT'S REALLY YOU--
IT'S VARNEY WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL! MARWOOD'S DEAD; HE WAS CHANGING, TURNING INTO SOMETHING AWFUL--
BUT YOU'RE SAFE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE...
OH, IZZY, IZZY--


NO-ONE IS SAFE ANYMORE.
NEXT: BLOOD AND THUNDER.

The Fanzine Trap

operated by Ed Salt

The hungry maw of DWM's occasional forum for the perusal of non-profit-making fan publications opens wide again. If you'd like your fanzine reviewed, send a copy to the editorial address on page three, remembering to enclose full price and ordering details.

CIRCUS #6: STORYZONE

Format A4 **Pages** 60 **Price** £3.00 **Cheques payable to** Colin Brockhurst **Address** 73 Vann Road, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 3NP

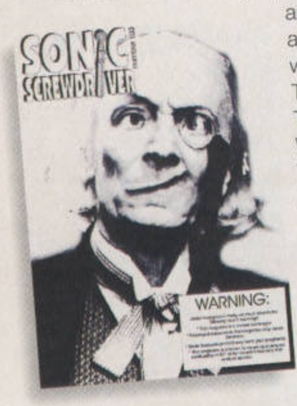
POLICE
POLICE TELEPHONE

At first, I thought *Storyzone* was a new fanzine, but behind the subtle cover lurks the sixth issue of the popular *Circus*. This issue is in a larger format than before and is devoted entirely to fan fiction. The great and the good of fan literature rub shoulders in a fanzine reminiscent of a *Decalog*. As one would perhaps expect with contributors including Paul Cornell, Vanessa Bishop, Daniel O'Mahony and **DWM**'s very own Matthew Jones, the writing is of a high standard and is pleasingly illustrated throughout. Most excellent! (The next regular issue of *Circus* should be out in December.)

SONIC SCREWDRIVER #103

Format A4 **Pages** 24 **Price** (six-issue subscription) $Aus25.00 by bank draft in Australian funds **Payable to** Doctor Who Club of Victoria **Address** DWCV, GPO Box 4782UU, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia

This unashamedly irreverent and silly news magazine clearly loves *Doctor Who* and all its faults. The news is kept fairly straight, but the rest of the fanzine is comedic, containing script extracts from 'Monty Python's Flying TARDIS' and the notion of an alternative universe where Quentin Tarantino directs John Travolta as Doctor Who, with Uma Thurman as Nyssa and Christopher Walken as the Brigadier! The series' 20 silliest moments are covered in a way akin to a **DWM** feature of not so long ago . . .



VAROS #8

Format A4 **Pages** 32 **Price** £2.40 **Cheques payable to** A Russell **Address** Gog Magog House, 263A Hinton Way, Great Shelford, Cambridge CB2 5AN

This light-hearted events-based fanzine covers a variety of sci-fi shows, though this issue is predominantly *Who*-based. Inside its well-illustrated pages can be found a very useful, amusing and scarily accurate guide to surviving conventions, interviews with popular thespians Ingrid Pitt and Deborah Watling, and the uncomfortable suggestion that Cissie and Ada (of Les Dawson/Roy Barraclough fame) were nearly companions to the Sixth Doctor!

Varos
Your complete convention survival guide!
Top UNIT Official in 'Dorothy' Shocker!!!
The Good, The Bad and The Frizzy
Ingrid Pitt talks Vamps
Bonnie Langford gets Wombled

BUILD HIGH FOR HAPPINESS #1

Format A5 **Pages** 44 **Price** £1.75 **Cheques payable to** Gordon Dempster **Address** 36A Bridge Street, Montrose, Tayside DD10 8AE

This is the first issue by fandom fresher Gordon Dempster and, although he and it are still finding their feet, it's a reasonably assured start. A number of the articles are fanzine standards (a *Desert Island Discs* variation and a 'what if?' episode guide to the first season of American *Doctor Who*) but they are carried through with a good deal of enthusiasm. There's a review of Manopticon 5 from the point of view of a convention first-timer, and a section on the ten greatest Scots in sci-fi – though where they got the idea for their Q and A page, 'Johnny Ball's Matrix Data Bank', is beyond me.

VORTEX #4

Format A5 **Pages** 36 **Price** £2.00 **Cheques payable to** P Rowe **Address** 2 Kings Court, Quarr Drive, Sherborne, Dorset

There's quite a lot packed into this little fanzine. Among the goodies in store are essays on whether *The X Files* bubble has burst, the problem with *Star Trek: Voyager*, the Fifth Doctor, supposedly "forgotten classic" *Horror of Fang Rock* and a speculative piece on the fifth season of *Blake's 7*.

TIME SCOOP #4

Format A5 **Pages** 40 **Price** DM6.50 **Cheques payable to** Harald Gehlen **Address** Elsenkamp 19, 52428 Julich-Selgersdorf, Germany

Seeing the cover depicting Barbara, I hastily opened this to see the corresponding article within (perhaps about Miss Wright's fantastic cardigans). My joy was short-lived; this fanzine is written entirely in German, which I need the Doctor's Time Lord gift to understand. For those of you who *can* read it – and I'm sure there are lots of you out there – you will find in this issue of *Time Scoop* a review of *The Leisure Hive*, articles about *Doctor Who* in the German media and Gallifrey. Also included are two pieces of fan fiction, one of which, *Terror auf Chroma*, is a crossover with sixties German sci-fi show *Raumpatrouille*. There is no article about Barbara Wright and, glancing down the contents page, I discovered that the cover actually depicts Peri! Oh well . . .

Fanzine of the month!

TARDIS volume 15 #2

Format A4 **Pages** 20 **Price** £2.50 (£3.00 overseas) **Cheques payable to** DWAS **Address** DWAS, PO Box 519, London SW17 8BU

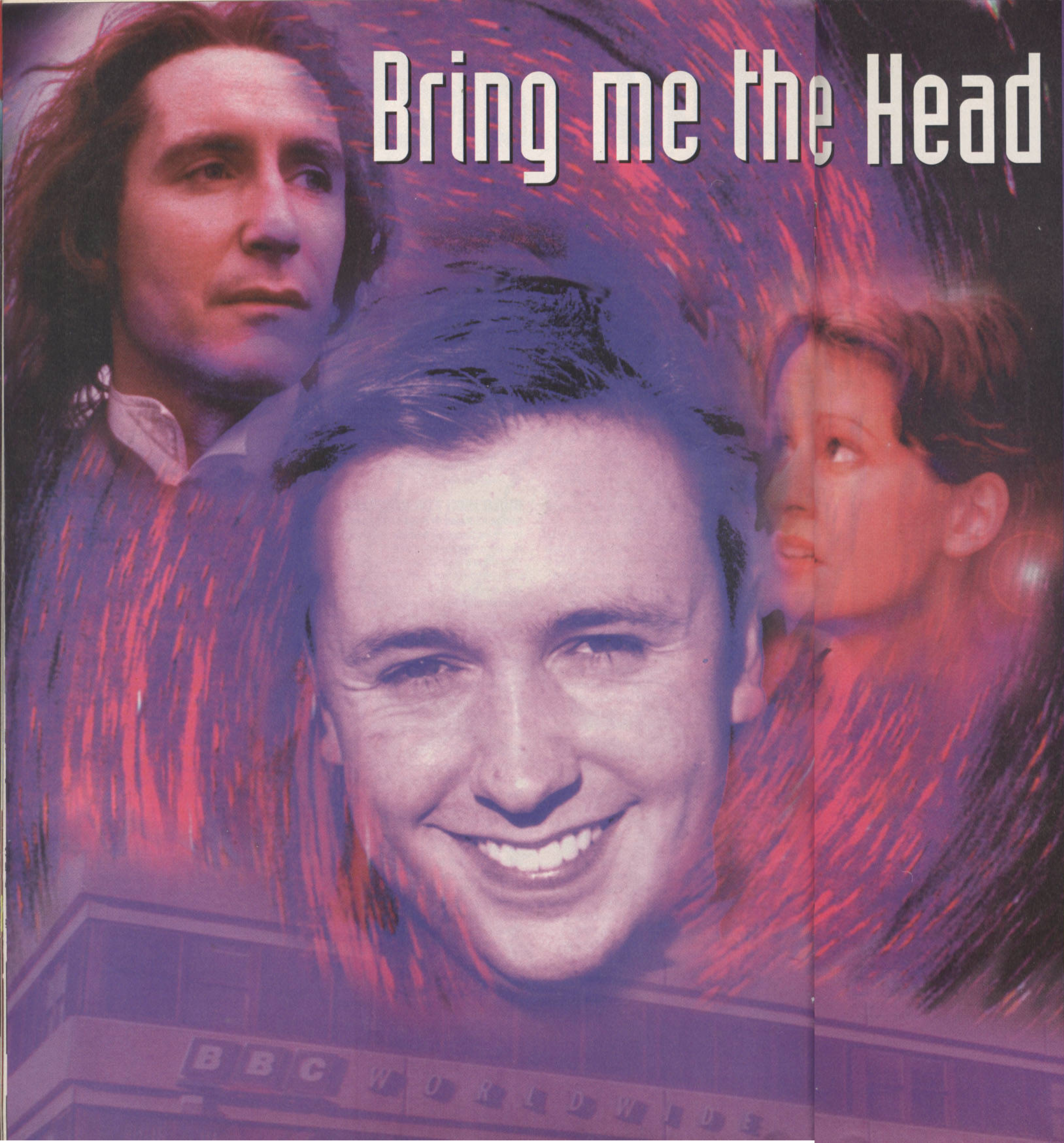
It's a long time since I've seen *TARDIS*, and although it seems a little thinner (does the memory cheat?), this well-made Doctor Who Appreciation Society fanzine was welcomed like an old friend. This issue looks at *Doctor Who* publishing in its many forms, and articles by Richard Henwood (whose initial idea it was to do *Doctor Who* novelisations) and one-time Target editor Nigel Robinson are nicely set off by the story behind the photoshoot for *Ace!* and an interview with **DWM**'s humble editor Gary Gillatt. The highlight, however, is a clever and well-observed piece by Alex Fowles on the joy of collecting Target Books as a child.

Cosmic Masque #24, the latest issue of the Society's fan fiction magazine, is also available at £1.70 (£2.20 overseas).

DIAMOND LOGO #1

Format A5 **Pages** 40 **Price** £2.95 **Cheques payable to** Nigel Landridge **Address** 2 Yelverton Close, Butts Ash, Hythe, Southampton, Hants SO45 3QU

Another new fanzine, and another with a comedy bias. "The whole thing [*Doctor Who*] is a bit silly" is its editorial stance, but a slight cynicism is countered by subtlety, wit and ideas. The style of humour is a strange hybrid of *Monty Python* and *The Day Today*. Included in this issue is a review of 'BlatantCon 97', plus 'Ten Moments When You Know You're Watching the Worst TV Series Ever Made' (as many as that?) and a vaguely serious article on the use of surrealism in *Doctor Who* as compared to *The Twilight Zone*.



Bring me the Head of BBC Books!

Fuzzy Borads, misfiled 'Silveranians' and distinctly iffy Dalek impersonations . . . Stephen Cole, *Doctor Who* publishing supremo at BBC Worldwide, takes us through a typical week on the job – and hints at future plans for the Eighth Doctor's adventures on the printed page.

MONDAY

Another grey day in White City, as work beckons back a brow-beaten rabble of BBC employees to the red-bricked mecca that is BBC Worldwide Ltd. I spy them all, ready to do weary battle with the mundanities of office life, and remind myself that yes, I really am getting paid to immerse myself once more in the vast, mad, wonderful universe of *Doctor Who*.

The innocent boy who felt his stomach twist at the first strains of that terrifying theme music so many years ago, who went out to WH Smiths every Saturday in blissful ignorance of schedules and release dates to see whether or not a new novelisation was on the shelves, could never have dreamed that one day *Doctor Who* would be the means by which he would earn his living. It's not even an option you consider, is it? "You'll be like a child in a sweet shop," someone said to me after I got the job, but the responsibility involved – looking over every book, every video, every audio tape with no full time assistance – can actually be quite draining. I'm often reminded of that repeated lament from the cast and crew of the show itself: "we could've done it so much better if there had only been more time . . ."

While I'm ruminating on such matters, of course, time is already ticking on towards the weekly production meeting at 10.30am. It's a chance to take stock of where you are, the rationale presumably being things can only get better as the week goes on! The production department, who arrange for sleeves and books to get printed, want to know when manuscripts are coming in and when they'll receive covers; Design want to know when they'll have the back-cover blurb for the new novels; and I, of course, am pestering for "just another week more, that'll be great!" That achieved, and everyone a little happier and clearer in their business, the day's work begins in earnest.

There are currently no end of one-inch videotape spools by my desk – and they're all *Timelash*. The original episodes, a movie-length version, an episodic overseas version; far more *Timelash* than one would perhaps need for most occasions. The reason is that I have discovered a glitch on the master tape of Part Two, when Tekker and the Doctor are in the Borad's lair – one that even Paul Vanezis, Steve Roberts and Ralph Montagu, the 'Restoration Team', weren't aware of. I'm hoping I'll be able to drop in the same scene from an unaffected overseas copy. One-inch videotape players being in short supply round here, I won't be able to find out before Wednesday's mastering session at the edit suite.

> "i'm really getting paid to immerse myself in the vast, mad, wonderful world of Doctor Who!"

Before that, I have to complete the 'moving trail' that's going on the beginning of all the new videos, promoting all the BBC's range of *Who* merchandise. I've already spent an afternoon sifting through 50 assorted clips, and a full day to construct a two-minute trailer. All that's left to do now is the voiceover. I scripted it some time ago, and for various bizarre reasons (not least of which is convenience), I am doing the voice-over myself – in the style of a Dalek.

I go down to the sound room at Ace Editing ready to perform. We've hired the original equipment that produced the Dalek voices throughout the seventies. I suppose I'd always just assumed that a 'ring modulator' would be a small lump of

BBC Worldwide *Doctor Who* editor Stephen Cole

All photos Robin Prichard/TTL

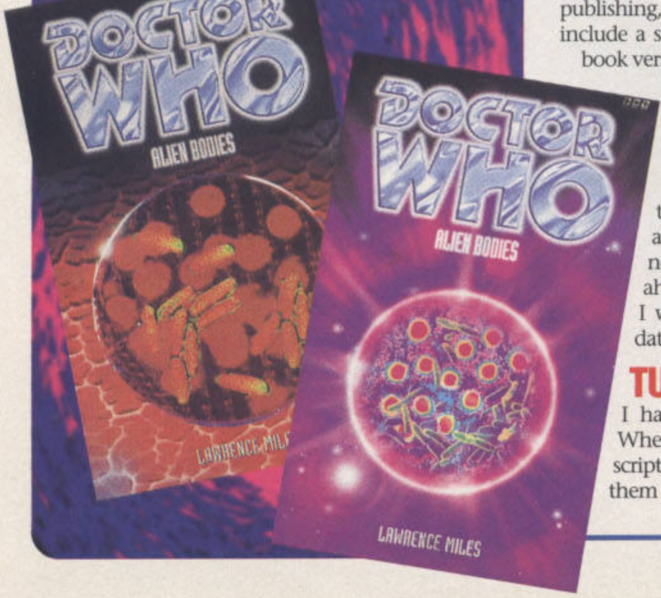
metal that, when one spoke into it, produced an instantly terrifying Dalek voice. I was wrong. It's actually part of an ancient synthesiser. Fiddling with just one knob immediately recreates part of the score to *The Sea Devils*. Now this is excitement!

I have to do the voiceover 'dry' – that is, without the effects, which will be added afterwards. My first attempt is pathetic – I'm nervous and more than a little embarrassed at this first foray into Dalek impersonation. Listening to it back treated with an effect that sounds like it's fresh from the robots in that Cadbury's Smash commercial, I realise there's a long way to go. Some time later, with my voice pitched a little higher and with some sine-wave modulation added in, the suggestion of a Dalek's voice is there at least, although I leave the edit wishing once more for just a little more time . . .

Back at the office a mountain of manuscripts has landed on my desk from the three post drop-offs. Unsolicited manuscripts, solicited storylines, invoices, contracts . . . I turn to e-mail instead. Oof! Stacks. Having answered the urgent ones (unfortunately that's a criteria I have to apply to a lot of the requests I receive by e-mail), I decide it's too late for getting into the short story that's turned up on my desk bang on time from Mike Tucker and Robert Perry, so I make a few phone calls in an attempt to find someone to read *Short Trips*, the new short story collection, on tape. It's the first audio based on our own publishing, so it's quite exciting. I intend to include a story that's not included in the book version of *Short Trips*, as I feel it will be good fun to listen as the comforting voice of a well-loved *Who* star tells you a story you have no preconceptions of . . .

It's five-thirty, and I have to leave on time today – I'm meeting up with an author to discuss a new novel idea for next year's schedule. Working so far ahead causes its own special problems – I write a cheque in the restaurant and date it 1998.

The *Alien Bodies* cover appearing in the nation's bookshops this month (left) – and an early prototype (right)



TUESDAY

I have to get on with this short story. When dealing with two huge fat manuscripts every month you have to attack them and devour them as soon as you can – you never know if something's going to go awry, or come in late, and leave you stuck. Trying to arrange a short story collection at the same time, you might think the stories themselves – being shorter – don't need quite such urgent attention. This is, of course, not so, and I've had to make quite a lot of extra time to accommodate the 16 or so stories going into *Short Trips*. Nothing is predictable in the wacky world of mass-market publishing, so the sooner I read it, the sooner Mike and Rob can get on with any changes.

But first it's time I checked the DAT master of the *Vengeance on Varos* audio. You can leave these things until quite late – audio projects can be turned round a lot quicker than books. The recording was made back in 1995 – I'm just checking for defects that may have snuck in without anyone realising.

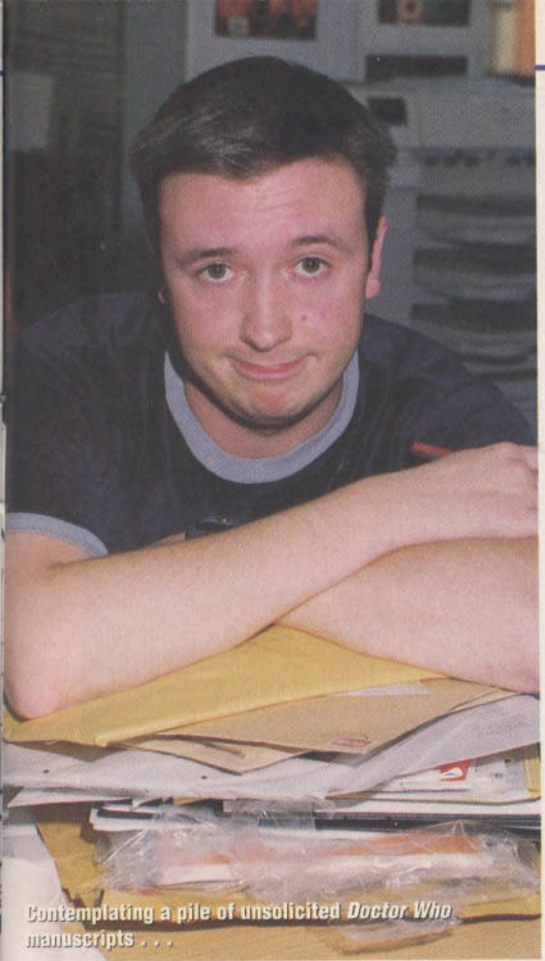
Unfortunately the DAT player dies a sudden and mysterious death and all attempts to extricate the tape inside meet with messy failure. Thank God for the safety copy! Its value now beyond comprehension, I hand it over to the duplication people and let them do their bit.

It's often a fretful moment, actually letting go of something. I hate doing it – is the book/video/audio tape really ready? Or is something lurking there to catch me out that I'll only see when ten thousand copies are sitting in the shops laughing at me?

I move back to the short story (intriguingly titled *Stop the Pigeon*), but someone phones, announcing that they can't find *Genocide* in all of South Wales. Putting his mind at rest that it will be out there somewhere, he goes on to tell me that he is 14 and a huge fan. I ask him how he became hooked – he informs me he's been a fan since the first story he saw *Remembrance of the Daleks*, when he was five. As my first memory is of *The Ark in Space*, I put the phone down feeling unutterably old, and decide I'd better start *Stop the Pigeon* after a comforting meal down the canteen. Alas, by the time I return to my desk, a package is waiting for me from the copy-editors'.

There are many stages a *Doctor Who* short story or novel must pass through before hitting the shelves. First the storyline is agreed – then the author naturally goes off to write the thing, which

Worldwide employee Kath, the model for Eighth Doctor assistant Sam Jones


Contemplating a pile of unsolicited *Doctor Who* manuscripts . . .

I am duly sent on (ideally) or around (more commonly) the agreed deadline date. I go through it and check I'm happy with it structurally, drawing the author's attention to various queries or comments or suggestions I may have.

The author and I will then argue and discuss, either by phone, letter or e-mail, until we arrive at something that is acceptable to us both. The revised draft then goes off to the copy-editor, who nips and tucks and polishes things up, drawing attention to anything the author and myself may have missed. I'll run the copy-editor's queries past the author for them to consider while I send on the disk of the novel to the typesetter. It's at this stage that the book ceases to be a pile of typed pages and starts resembling the finished product – it's in the right typeface, it's laid out properly, and now it goes to the proof reader.

This person checks over the grammar and any remaining spelling errors which the typesetters duly make on their disk, giving me another copy that I send to the author for his or her comments. Any changes they have go through me and back to the typesetters, who give me the disk back along with new clean printouts of the pages. I hand it to Production who do something terribly technical and give it to the printers.

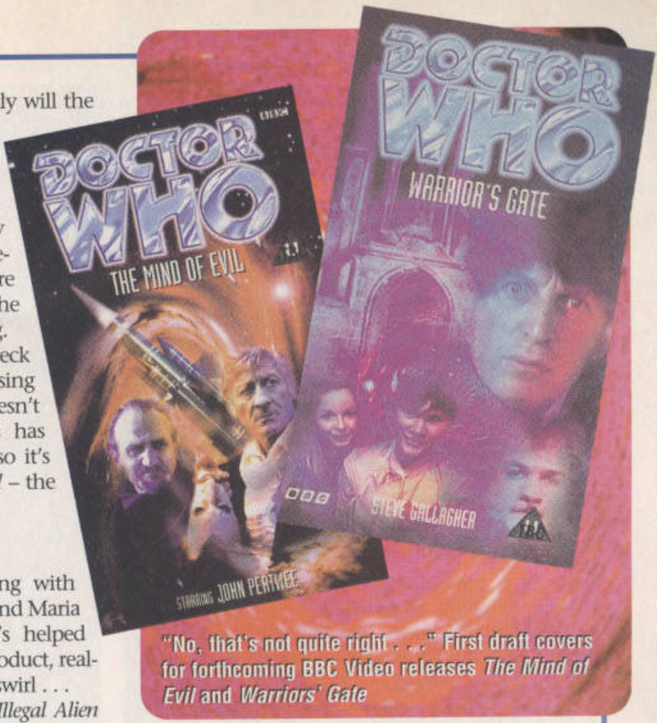
Every book goes through this process – which is why in months like September when I'm getting out four books (two fiction, two non-fiction), my brow is known occasionally to furrow. Nevertheless, there's always that excitement with each new story: what exactly will the Doctor be saying and doing? Will the monsters prove to be worthy foes? Will that crazy suggestion actually be pulled off, or will some aspects need working at, my red pen worrying away in the margins? Ultimately, the excitement is that it'll be another adventure whose journey into the diversity of the *Doctor Who* book canon I'm overseeing.

I put the phone on voicemail and check over the copy-editor's comments, assessing how serious they are. Happily, it doesn't seem like anything too contentious has been raised, just lots of little things, so it's straight off to the typesetters. But, *doh!* – the afternoon has run out once again . . .

WEDNESDAY

Straight into a cover briefing meeting with Margaret and Kate, the design people and Maria from Black Sheep, the agency that's helped create the look of all the Beeb's *Who* product, realising all the covers, even creating *that* swirl . . .

The first cover I had input to was *Illegal Alien* (originally the image of an *Earthshock* Cybermen was looming over McCoy!), and it's an enjoyable challenge trying to distil a storyline into one or two images. With the Eighth Doctor books we try for roughly circular images, and many ideas pass back and forth – originally, *Longest Day* was to use an eye image, but after Margaret read the *Seeing I* outline it was agreed that the eye would work better on that title. *Longest Day*, as a consequence, becomes the first book of the range to have an illustrated cover. This depicts a Kusk – one of a new, rather nasty alien race – courtesy of the paintbrush of Colin Howard. There are computer enhancements made to bring it into line with the other books, however – the artwork is blended with a starscape and the Kusk's eyes are smoothed over following the author's concern that they looked a little like oranges!



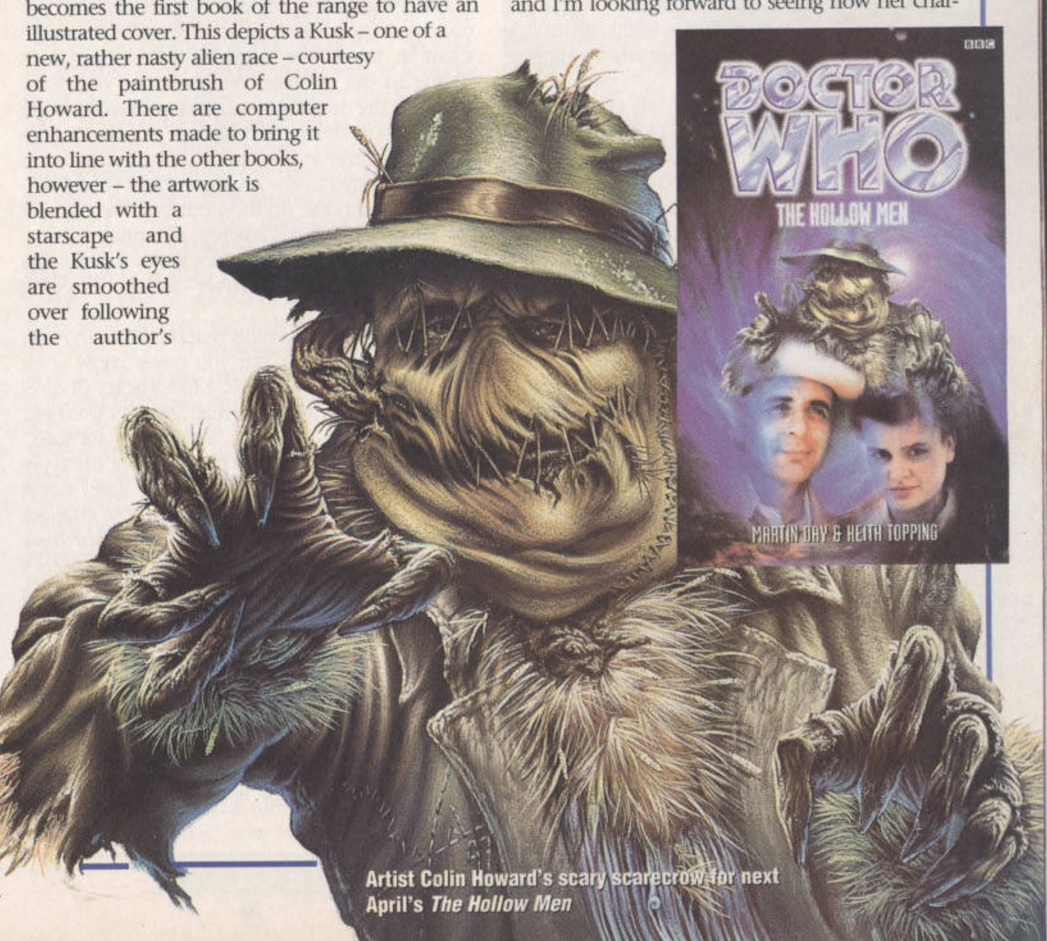
"No, that's not quite right . . ." First draft covers for forthcoming BBC Video releases *The Mind of Evil* and *Warriors' Gate*

I remember trying to sort out the cover for *Warriors' Gate*. Originally, the picture of Tom they'd accidentally used was from Season Thirteen. "Does that matter?" someone asked. I'm sure you, the reader, could predict my weary response . . .

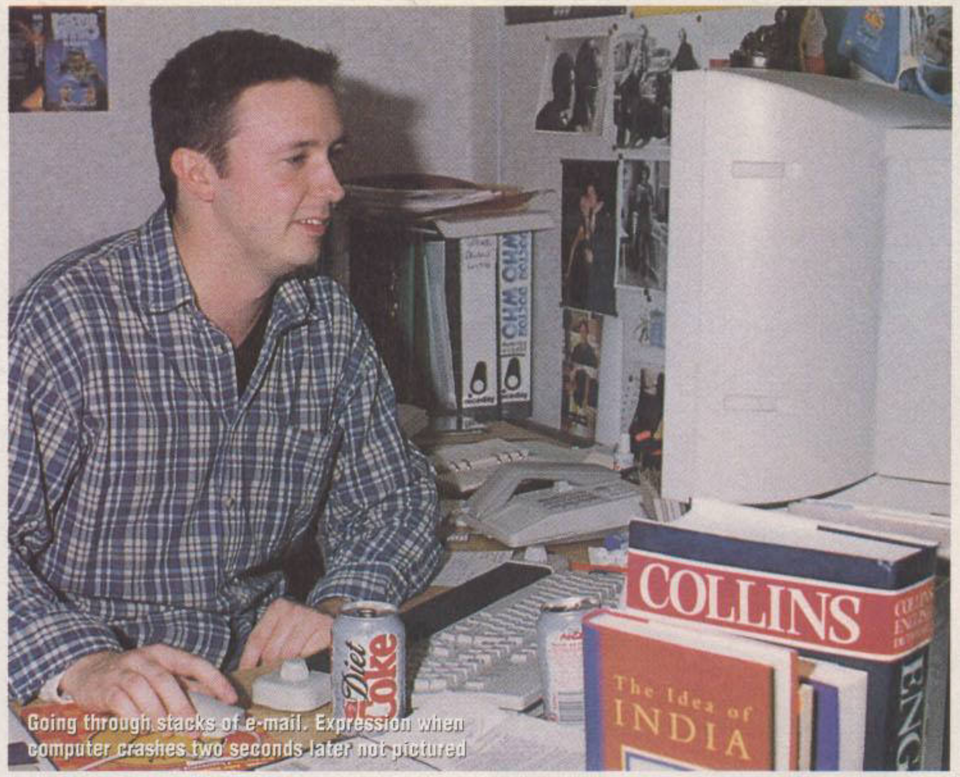
"I get a big kick out of choosing new adventures for the Eighth Doctor"

I'd be lying if I said I didn't get a big kick out of picking and choosing the further adventures of the Eighth Doctor. It's great fun too, of course, to pick up with Doctors from the past and pit them against something new (or old!), but the meeting is always a fleeting one – that Doctor has already been. The Eighth Doctor is now, and deciding what to put him – and poor, dear companion Sam – through is always exciting.

Next year I'm steering the McGann Doctor's TARDIS out into space a lot more – after all, half-human or not, there is a big universe out there. There are some juicy things lined up for Sam, too, and I'm looking forward to seeing how her char-



Artist Colin Howard's scary scarecrow for next April's *The Hollow Men* acter will further develop as a result. Finding an image for Sam wasn't easy, and I'd gone down various alleys (metaphorically!) in search of her. Imagine my surprise when a friend told me he knew the very girl who could be Sam – and that she worked downstairs! In a bizarre twist of fate she was able to recite the first line of Terrance Dicks' novelisation of *Terror of the Autons* – it'd been part of a school project when she was much younger. When I revealed that Terrance had also conceived the character of Sam, Kath was happy to lend her likeness to our new heroine – and she's likely to appear on a book cover next year. It truly is a strange world.



Going through stacks of e-mail. Expression when computer crashes two seconds later not pictured

That meeting done, it's lunchtime already and *Stop the Pigeon* must again remain on hold while I go off to edit *Timelash*.

Nightmare time – all my many *Timelash*es have the same or similar faults in Part Two, suggesting the damage must've occurred during transmission back in 1985. Objectively speaking, the faults aren't very intrusive – forming a little crinkly line for a short while in a couple of scenes – but as a fan, I'm determined to make the release as good as possible; there's nothing cleared to release in its place. The engineer and I painstakingly compare the affected sections and with much clever toggling on his part drop in the best versions of whatever scenes we can.

On a lighter note, my 'unusual VT Clock countdowns' collection (did you know someone chalked a little Dalek on the one for *Destiny of the Daleks* Episode One?) receives a surprise addition. Colin Baker's head is mistily superimposed over the electronic clock for *Timelash* Part Two. It's the little things . . .

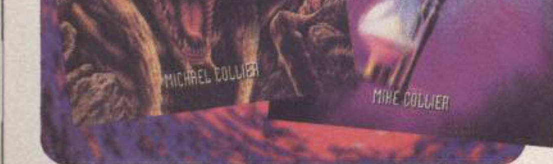
My big and blustering entrance – Colin Baker style – back at the office is wasted; it's now 7pm and everyone's gone home. With a wistful look at *Stop the Pigeon*, I have to do the same – I'm meeting Rebecca Levene tonight for one of our regular evenings of drink, notes-swapping and ribaldry . . .

THURSDAY

Black Sheep are ringing the moment I stumble blearily through the door, requesting images for some of the 'old Doctors' books. I dutifully trudge off to our stock pile of transparencies, largely culled from the video releases.

The person who filed them all away was, it seems, not a fan. I encounter 'Doctor Who and the Silveranians' (?), 'The Rescue of the Romans' (?!) and, best of all, 'Doctor Who – Sheer Head from Space' (!!). The mind truly boggles, but I locate nice pictures of Jo and a Draconian for next year's Terrance Dicks novel, *Catastrophea*, which I'm really looking forward to – Terrance writing for his own era should be a lot of fun.

Painted cover for Michael Collier's *Longest Day* (left), the sands of time having run out for an initial hourglass motif (right) . . .



There's such a pile of letters, requests, suggestions and unsolicited manuscripts on my desk now – unopened for a week or so – that I feel I have to leave *Stop the Pigeon* until after lunch, and work my way through a few.

It's really sad when you see all the hard work that goes into people's submissions, but if they're not up to par you just have to say no. Often they're full of really good ideas but the execution isn't quite there. Occasionally the prose style is really good but the story isn't different enough. Working on the range by myself, with only occasional freelance help, I have to be careful that my own prejudices don't affect my editorial judgement at times. For example, I find Sontarans boring in the extreme, overused and hideously dull – yet the number of submissions I receive that feature them clearly signals their popularity elsewhere. Gallifrey stories, too – I'm usually much more interested in the characters and the adventure itself than the mythos, but one has to cater for all tastes. For a Gallifrey adventure with a difference, watch out for Lance Parkin's novel *The Infinity Doctors* next November – a most intriguing celebratory book!

Alas, there are no writers that stand out in neon lights from this crop, but you never know what the next manuscript holds. Mike Tucker phones up, wondering if I've read *Stop the Pigeon* yet. "Almost!" I apologise. After lunch, for sure!

But alas, it's not to be. A crisis at the typesetters occurs – their file of the latest novel has corrupted, meaning that all the changes they've inputted from the copy-editor have been wiped out. I've just had the proofer's changes to the manuscript handed back to me – but, with time against us as ever, to be sure they make all the changes, I have to now go through the scribbles from the copy editor and transfer them onto the proofer's draft to make sure all the changes are made at the same time.

Bugger.

Stop the Pigeon flutters back to my in tray, and the afternoon passes wearily on, red pen in hand.

FRIDAY

Doctor Who press supremo Stephanie Fox is pestering me (quite pleasantly, admittedly) on my arrival to check the press releases for the next few novels and videos. They're all fine, except that *The Book of Lists* has lost one or two lists for space reasons between publicity blurb and final copy stage, and so the press release is actually fibbing a little. I suggest an alternative, and get on with the more serious issue of what to have for breakfast – a tough decision I face each morning.

Working in isolation, I often find myself in conversation with the mythical Kevin. He's a kind of amalgam of some of the more extreme types of fan I've encountered in my time. He quizzes me on my motives for commissioning this author, or deleting that continuity reference. He approves wholeheartedly of my discussing ideas with Chris Boucher (who wouldn't?) but he whines at me for picking a first-time writer to kick off a story arc next year, arguing I should've picked someone more experienced (we shall see – but at times necessity is the mother of invention). Kevin is particularly cheesed off at my picking *Nightmare of Eden* for an early 1999 release date, although the fact that I'm considering re-releasing unedited versions of the early video releases in new sleeves if demand is strong enough cheers him up a bit. In any case, Kevin is no help suggesting a breakfast choice – he finds the entire matter of my indecision impossibly frivolous. Ah, the loneliness of 'command'.

Scrutinising cover proofs for *Timelash* . . .

My occasional helper, Lesley Levene, is in today – she's absolutely no relation to Rebecca, sad-to-say for continuity buffs. She's also had no prior knowledge of *Doctor Who* – and her opinion and insight as a member of Jo Public is often invaluable. It does sometimes lead to odd glances from workmates when we discuss minor textual points. Discussing January's *Kursaal*, for example:

Lesley: There's a bit here where it mentions one of the Doctor's teeth looks like a baby one. Is that what Paul McGann's teeth look like?

Me: No, he had one knocked out back in *Genocide*. It's more or less grown back by now.

> “i think people realise that Doctor Who is more fun than ever”

Lesley: Aha. It's 'continuity'. Alright . . .

'Continuity' should always be inside inverted commas in the *Doctor Who* universe, we feel.

Lesley checks over some back cover blurbs for me, and points out I've slipped in my stock phrase "what is the terrible secret of x?" in at least two of them – oop! It's all too easy to get too close to something and that's when you fail to look at it objectively. Perhaps one benefit of the relentless schedule of *Who* book publishing is that there just isn't time to get too close to anything!

I pick up *Stop the Pigeon* – then have to pick up the phone. It's the marketing department, keen to know what plans I may have (plans?!) for extra things we can release in 1998, and what exciting stuff is already due to materialise on the shelves, so they can promote it as cunningly as possible. It's good to know that the range will get an extra push next year, and it's a chance to kick around ideas both wonderfully impractical and devastatingly time-consuming. In any case, to have this sort of enthusiasm for the programme displayed by other departments is always gratifying.

I think people realise, both in and out of the BBC, that *Doctor Who*, all this time on, is perhaps more fun now than ever – it's nostalgia, but the sheer volume of good-looking merchandise out there is helping transfigure it into something new. The latest copy of *Midweek* has a feature on *The Book of Lists*. *Loaded* have asked to run a feature on *A Book of Monsters*. I've been interviewed by organisations ranging from *The Big Issue* to AER Talking Newspapers for the Blind. And with Tom Baker's autobiography creating such a storm, it seems people all over are still remembering, still responding to the series. That's one of the genuine privileges of my job, shared I'm sure by everyone who's connected to the programme. Your work matters to people – it's not just a flash in the pan and then gone, it's remembered. People berate you, or they praise you, or at the very least they just look forward to the next release.

At last, on another hectic Friday afternoon, I find the time to sit and read *Stop the Pigeon*. It's actually quite mad – it veers all over the place, sometimes humorous, sometimes dramatic, but overall it's really a lot of fun.

Like my job. Like *Doctor Who*.

Q&A Steve Cole

What is your earliest memory of Doctor Who?
That's from Part Four of *The Ark in Space*, and it's of Sarah Jane clambering through the triangular ventilation shaft.

Did you watch *Doctor Who* continuously from then, or did you have a period 'away'?
Pretty constantly, but there was a time around Season Twenty-Four when I barely remembered to tune into *Dragonfire*, and I only videoed it because I felt too sentimental about not doing so – I'd taped everything since about 1981.

Did you edit a fanzine as a teenager?
No, but I always had plans to. I even went as far as writing to Terrance Dicks for permission to use a little talk he did at Bedford Central Library as an interview. I was going to call the fanzine *Knight of Oberon*.

Did you contribute to other fanzines?
I had really atrocious artwork and letters published in *Skonnos* when I was about 13. In 1990 I wrote stuff for *TV Zone*, *DWB* and *Doctor Who Magazine* [a *Case Studies* on the Graff Vynda-K from *The Ribos Operation*]. I struck up a vague discourse with then *DWM* editor John Freeman, which tailed off when Gary Russell took over. One time John sent me a rejection letter for a fiction story I hadn't actually written. He also sent me the story back and it was awful! He had a *Brief Encounter* of mine on file for a while, but later Gary rejected it. I haven't told Gary that, actually!

So how did you find yourself at BBC Worldwide editing *Doctor Who* Books?
In a nutshell, I studied English Lit and Film Studies at University before being verbally abused by Simon Groom as an initially unpaid researcher/interviewer at BBC Radio Bedfordshire. Then I had a BBC staff number and felt I could apply for other BBC jobs. After various attempts I joined Worldwide as 'trainee reporter/junior assistant' on the *Noddy* magazine. So much for three years of literature! Over four years I eventually became overall editor of children's magazines here. Finally, the *Doctor Who* job came up and it offered an opportunity to gain experience across various media – books, video and audio.

Were you a regular reader of Virgin's output?
An irregular reader. The first *New Adventure* I read was *Nightshade*, which remains one of my favourites. Then I just dipped in and out.

Favourite Doctor and single story.
Tom Baker. *The Horror of Fang Rock*.

What the video sleeve say when Serial C comes out on video?
Inside the Spaceship.

Shelf Life

in which **Dave Owen** tells of his love-hate relationship with Tom Baker and wonders what happened to JN-T's timing.

WHO ON EARTH IS TOM BAKER?

Non-fiction(?) HarperCollins **Author** Tom Baker
RRP £17.99 **ISBN** 0 00 255834 3 **Available** Now
Audio HarperCollins **Narrator** Tom Baker
RRP £7.99 **ISBN** 0 00 105365 5 **Available** Now

A SCI-FI AUDIENCE WITH TOM BAKER

Video JN-Tv Productions **Featuring** Tom Baker
RRP £10.99 + p&p **Details** Write to JN-Tv, 4 Teynham House, Marine Drive, Brighton BN2 8DA

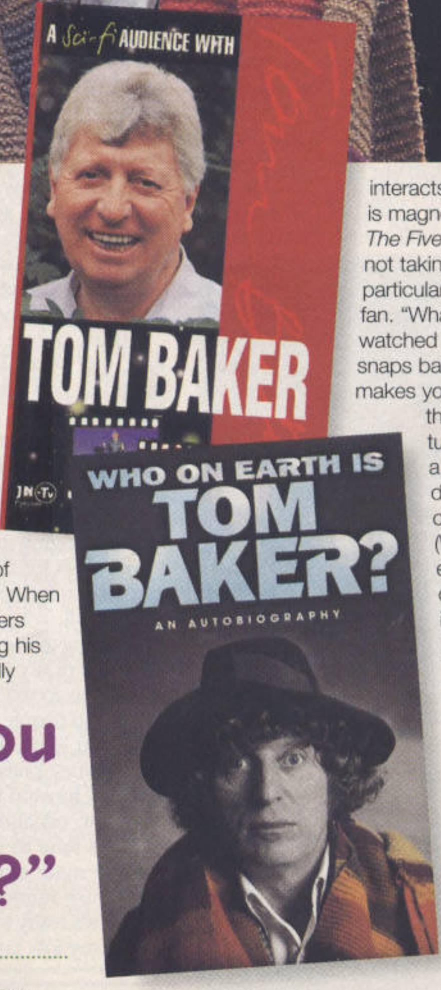
Eccentric. Reclusive. Difficult. And that's when people are being nice about me. But such adjectives have been applied to another. Throughout the eighties, in contrast to the ubiquity of *Doctor Who*'s other leading men, Tom Baker generally kept himself to himself, and in doing so became the most fascinating of them all, even allowing for the possibility that he wasn't already. About six years ago, he began to play the game again, becoming almost a card-carrying ex-*Doctor Who* like the others. This first became apparent with the release of Reeltime Pictures' *Just Who on Earth is . . . Tom Baker*, a self-indulgent portrait of the man at home in his converted schoolhouse in Kent which was directed by his wife, Sue Jerrard. I turned up for a signing in a venue which laid the ecclesiastical solemnity of his early life over the Central London location of his later drinking days – the church crypt at St Martins in the Field.

There I was, face to face with him for the first time since I had elicited his autograph as a child. After some frankly stiff small talk while he signed the video, I offered a polite suggestion. Would he, I asked, consider penning an autobiography – there were a lot of us, I said, who were interested in what made him tick. He looked at me as though I were demented, and said he'd think about it in a tone that suggested I'd asked him to donate me a kidney. I moved on. The person behind me offered for Tom's embellishment the side panel from the K9 prop he had so detested, and his famous thyroid eyes lit up with glee. So I felt rather hard done by that my suggestion had been rejected so rudely, and went to buy my first drink in three months.

The following February, I still felt moved to be in the man's presence and attended a John Nathan-Turner-hosted weekend of hour-long addresses by *Doctor Who* personnel at London's Museum of the Moving Image. This highlight has now been released on video under the perplexing title *A Sci-fi Audience with Tom Baker*. Sci-fi?! As a member of that very audience, I am at something of a loss to explain why this pejorative contraction should be applied to us. Admittedly, a very few of those lurking among the crowd might – *might* – just spend half their days on another planet, but it would be unimaginably rude of the producer to draw attention to them in this way.

That Saturday Tom Baker did not disappoint; amid the retelling of much of *Just Who on Earth is . . . Tom Baker*, came many moments of genuine spontaneous humour. When he lets his pomposity drop, veers away from stating and restating his personal manifesto, and actually interacts with his audience, he is magnetic. "After watching *The Five Doctors*, did you regret not taking part?" enquires one particularly brave or foolhardy fan. "What makes you think I watched *The Five Doctors*?" snaps back Tom – then "What makes you think I even watched the *one* Doctor?", thus turning the question into a chance to exposit his distaste for watching his own performances. (Which means he's lying, either here or when claiming to enjoy them in BBC Video's *The Tom Baker Years*.)

This manipulation of his audience's questions typifies Baker's technique. They want him to talk exclusively about *Doctor Who*, just like the other Doctors do (whom Tom cannot even bring himself to name). He wants to talk about himself. A



"Tom," I said, "have you considered writing your autobiography?"

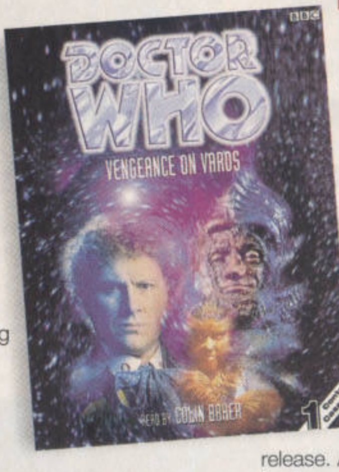
game of verbal tennis unfolds; each *Doctor Who* question is deflected to become an opportunity for personal reflection, until the audience attempts another serve. My eyebrow arched when he related that he had begun his autobiography, but I was comforted to hear that it had run for less words than *Shelf Life* usually does these days, and he had abandoned it.

A straight as-live presentation would have sufficed, but this video is rather oddly annotated by a cable TV style marquee caption filling in statistics vaguely pertinent to Tom's observations. The story about his household cats is illustrated by the spectral appearance of the creatures over each of his shoulders – a technique which becomes ever more incongruous when they are *not* followed by similar manifestations of the priests, beggars and children who populate his repertoire.

John Nathan-Turner's previously infallible ability to give the people what they want when they want it appears to have deserted him; having sat on this recording, directed by former *Doctor Who* director Fiona Cumming, for over five years, it now sees the light of day in late 1997 when the very last thing *Doctor Who* fans want is yet another chance for Tom Baker to expound his philosophies. On the day, attendees were asked to turn off their camcorders during Baker's appearance, to restate their questions to camera afterwards, and also to simulate absorption or laughter, so a commercial release must have been envisaged at the outset. This performance's currency has depreciated markedly since 1992.

Later that year came *Doctor Who: The Tom Baker Years*, a BBC Video presentation in which Tom watched himself in clips from all of his stories, and commented favourably on them. Never since leaving – or, more accurately, one suspects, relinquishing – the role had he devoted so much time to discussing it. It became a matter of real speculation that he might recreate the part in a 30th anniversary special – and he did, as it happened (less whole-heartedly than the others perhaps, but at least he turned up). You could never count on that in the eighties. The same rule now applied to conventions; he'd show up, but not within a country mile of the other Doctors. At Panopticon '93 attendees were treated to another retread of the kind of performance he'd given at MOMI and elsewhere; my consternation deepened as he brought on stage with him a kind of Gladstone bag containing, he assured us, the manuscript for his forthcoming memoir, *All Friends Betray'd*. "All friends, and one of your fans too, Tom," I muttered darkly . . .

This year saw the shelves groaning melodramatically under the weight of Tom Baker releases: *Who Is Tom Baker? Unauthorised*, a reissued and retitled *Just Who on Earth is . . .* and even a 'Tom Baker Introduces' series of old horror films. As the release of the autobiography I had suggested six years earlier approached, I felt that merchandisers were becoming too excited and that quality thresholds might just be slipping. Worse, my idea was provoking a media storm, and Tom was actually doing signings at three separate bookshops in my home city. I spurned them all, but did tune in to Radio Four's *Loose Ends* to hear what Ned Sherrin might tease from him. At first it seemed he had regained his eighties mystery and Not Turned Up; disappointingly, he was only late arriving, and trotted out some weary old favourites. I was sick of Tom Baker, and ready to rubbish his memoirs.



My indignity is now made complete by the fact that I cannot honestly do so; *Who on Earth is Tom Baker?* is the man's definitive telling of himself, rendering all the aforementioned ephemera redundant. Through all these lesser personal accounts he has honed his technique to make all his life's incidents amusing when related individually, yet acquire a poignancy when taken together. Not only are his stock in trade – professional mourning, failure to recognise an ex-wife, the Lord's omnipresence, the allure of rich girls – presented more concisely and fluently than previously, but there are longer and more complex episodes, such as his doomed involvement with the Wheatcroft family, whose daughter he married and who abused him terribly, that have never seen light before.

I can't honestly reconcile the child growing up in World War II Liverpool, or the young monk in the Channel Islands, with the Tom Baker who has dominated so much of my life. More familiar is the denizen of Soho pubs and clubs, and the calmer domesticated figure who succeeded him, both of whom seem to occupy a more believable world – one that I have occasionally visited. All this book has in common with the memoirs of other actors of his generation are the obligatory sections on National Service and early exploits in the theatre. The army days, plus much of the *Doctor Who* period, are omitted from the 'talking book' cassette release, which is nevertheless recommended as highly as the printed version. With the luxuries of pauses, retakes, and not being asked about *Doctor Who* every five minutes, Tom Baker in studio far outclasses Tom Baker on stage.

How can I put this? With his talent for exaggeration, it might be easy to dismiss *Who on Earth is Tom Baker?* as so much attention-seeking hyperbole. But like no other self-biographer I have read, Tom Baker revels in the mundanity of the base and the carnal. In *Doctor Who*, no-one ever felt lust, or even the urge to visit the lavatory, but in the life of this Earthly manifestation, it happens all the time.

He must be real.

Colin Baker's Peri voice is even more comical than Peter Davison's Tegan

DOCTOR WHO VENGEANCE ON VAROS

Audio BBC Worldwide **Author** Philip Martin **Narrator** Colin Baker **RRP** £7.99 **Cat No** ZBBC 1832 **Available** Now

Twelve years on from its original broadcast, I had still to decide whether *Vengeance on Varos* was actually any good or not – a decision made harder by planet Varos' perils being artificially engineered by its own government, when normally this job falls to *Doctor Who*'s writers. This confuses those threats, obscuring the story's dramatic peaks and troughs. They're signalled more precisely in Philip Martin's explicit novelisation, here presented in an abridged form read by Colin Baker, who provides the listener with an impressive range of accents – bar his Peri, which is, alas, even more comic than Peter Davison's attempted Tegan on the *Kinda* release. After an absorbing 90 minutes, I have finally made up my mind in *Vengeance on Varos*' favour. For a story about TV it manages very well without pictures.

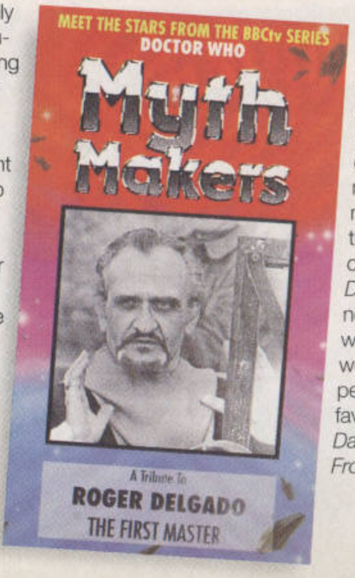
MYTH MAKERS 37
A TRIBUTE TO ROGER DELGADO – THE FIRST MASTER

Video Reeltime Pictures **Featuring** Jon Pertwee, Nicholas Courtney, Barry Letts and others **RRP** £16.99 **Cat No** RTP 0171 **Available** Now

Roger Delgado's Master was an intrinsic part of *Doctor Who*'s appeal in the early seventies, and now that Reeltime Pictures are extending their range to include tributes to *Doctor Who* personnel who have died, he is an obvious subject. But, from the outset, something is wrong with this tape. The flamenco-tinged background music is over-sentimental, and Nick Briggs' professional linking narrative is delivered from a circus, pointlessly alluding to the setting of Delgado's *Who* debut, *Terror of the Autons*.

Jon Pertwee (in footage culled from Reeltime's presumably burgeoning stockpile of unused rent-a-quotes) and John Levene deliver honest platitudes, but Barry Letts and Nicholas Courtney are more informative, as is former BBC head of serials Shaun Sutton. Letts and director Paul Bernard, interviewed separately, give differing perspectives on the troubled finale to *Frontier In Space*, but this attempt at controversy is out of place in a tribute presentation.

Myth Makers' perennial handicap, the unavailability of clips from the series, is ingeniously overcome here with use of still cartoons in the style of Frank Bellamy, accompanied by Dudley Simpson-style incidental music evoking perfectly the feel of Delgado's Master stories.



This tribute feels less special than the recent *Myth Makers* release about Jacqueline Hill; the only sight of its subject out-of-character comes courtesy of that now familiar home movie footage taken while making *The Daemons*, and the interviewees are confined to Delgado's *Doctor Who* colleagues. It nevertheless serves as a welcome reminder of a talent worth celebrating – by, perhaps, forsaking this tape in favour of viewing *The Daemons, The Sea Devils* or *Frontier In Space*.

The Crusade

With the 12th Century nearing its end, King Richard's campaign against the Muslim empire isn't going well . . . and then the Doctor arrives. Andrew Pixley examines this key historical adventure.

El Akir (Walter Randall) presents William des Preaux (John Flint), posing as King Richard, to Saphadin (Roger Avon)

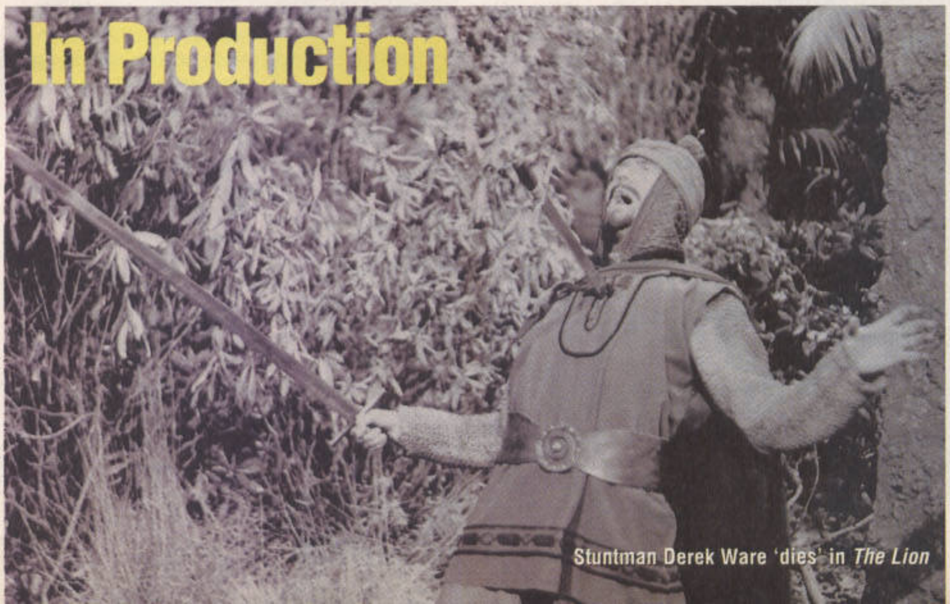
THE LION

In woodlands, 12th century Saracen soldiers led by a man with a scarred face prepare to ambush a hunting party which includes the King, Richard the Lionheart. The TARDIS materialises nearby; emerging from the ship, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki find themselves confronted by Saracen warriors. Barbara is seized by the Saracens; the rest of the party encounter the King's troupe, who have been attacked. Richard has been injured; to trick the Saracens one of his knights, William des Preaux, announces that he is the King and allows the Saracens to capture him. After another skirmish, the Doctor, Ian and Vicki are left tending the wounded knight de Tornebu; the Doctor decides that they can obtain the King's assistance in finding Barbara by returning de Tornebu and Richard's jewelled belt to the English encampment in nearby Jaffa.

Barbara and des Preaux are held at the encampment of Sultan Salah ed-Din – Saladin – at Ramlah; Barbara joins the knight's pretence by claiming that they are actually King Richard and his sister Joanna. The prisoners are proudly taken before Saphadin, Saladin's brother, by the scarred Saracen Emir El Akir. However, Saladin and Saphadin soon realise that the pair are impostors. While the chivalry of des Preaux and Barbara is respected, El Akir is made to look a fool in the eyes of the Sultan. Saladin tells Barbara that she, in the manner of Scheherazade, will tell him stories or face death.

The Doctor and Vicki manage to pilfer local clothing from the market of Jaffa that night (indeed, the clothes have already been stolen once). Suitably attired, with Vicki as a pageboy, the travellers convey the wounded de Tornebu to the palace where Richard thanks them and agonises over the consequences of the conflict he is caught up in. Ian requests the King's help in arranging for Barbara's release from Saladin, but Richard refuses: "This woman can rot in one of Saladin's prisons until her hair turns white before I'll trade with the man who killed my friends . . ."

In Production



Stuntman Derek Ware 'dies' in *The Lion*

BBC [3] Derek Ware [1]

David Whitaker had left *Doctor Who* as story editor at the end of the series' first year of production in October 1964, and had returned to freelance writing. He had already been commissioned to write a two-part serial to introduce a new companion around August, and this was delivered in time for production to begin again on the series in November. It was on Sunday 1 November that Whitaker's successor at the production office, story editor Dennis Spooner, commissioned him to pen a four-part historical serial which would counterbalance the many science fiction concepts being offered.

The setting arrived at for the serial was a historical period which fascinated Whitaker: the Third Crusade. Between 1189 and 1192, the Europeans waged a war endorsed by the Catholic Church

"History must take its course . . ."

In a room at Richard's palace, the Doctor has told King Richard, who is troubled by the coming conflict with Saladin, that he will indeed see Jerusalem. Companion Vicki then whispers to the Doctor:

VICKI Are we going back to the ship?

DOCTOR As fast as our legs can carry us, my dear.

VICKI Doctor? Will he really see Jerusalem?

DOCTOR Only from afar. He won't be able to capture it. Even now his armies are marching on a campaign that he can never win.

VICKI That's terrible. Can't we tell him?

DOCTOR I'm afraid not my dear. No. History must take its course.

The Doctor and Vicki exit. Richard's hands are on his cross, folded in prayer.

RICHARD Help me, Holy Sepulchre. Help me!

From The Crusade: The Warlords *by David Whitaker*

THE KNIGHT OF JAFFA

With help from de Tornebu, the Doctor manages to persuade Richard of the capital that could be made from revealing that only des Preaux and Barbara were captured. Delighted, Richard invites the Doctor to join his court. The group meet the Princess Joanna, who has received another gift from Saphadin. The King realises that peace could be created by offering Joanna's hand in marriage to Saphadin; he knights Ian and sends 'Sir Ian of Jaffa' with this secret offering to Saladin's court.

In Ramlah, El Akir strikes a bargain with Luigi Ferrigo, a merchant from Genoa; in return for an audience with Saladin, Ferrigo agrees to help El Akir capture Barbara so that he can have his revenge for her disgracing him. Claiming to come from des Preaux, Ferrigo tricks Barbara into accompanying him to the stables where El Akir grabs her. Later on, Ferrigo's discussions with Saphadin are wrecked when des Preaux and a servant called Sheyrah enter and prove his involvement in Barbara's abduction. Ian soon arrives and determines to set out to rescue his friend.

At Jaffa, the Doctor and Vicki are almost landed in trouble when the market trader Ben Daheer recognises them as wearing clothing stolen from him, but the Doctor skilfully transfers the blame onto Thatcher, the soldier who stole the robes from the palace in the first place. El Akir arrives with Barbara at his palace in Lydda, but she evades his guards. Hiding in a dark archways, she is suddenly grabbed from behind and held as the searching Saracens approach . . .

Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) joins her fellow prisoner at the Sultan's encampment

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The figure who has grabbed Barbara is Haroun Ed-diin; he attacks her pursuers and takes her to his home where she meets his daughter, Safiya. Haroun reveals that his wife and son were killed by El Akir, who has also taken his other daughter, Maimuna. Barbara is left with Safiya while Haroun sees if it is clear for her escape from Lydda, but El Akir's men are searching the Northern quarter and arrive at the house. In order to save Safiya and leave her safe in hiding, Barbara has no alternative but to allow herself to be captured by the soldiers.

At Jaffa, Joanna learns that Vicki is really a girl and agrees to look after her if the Doctor will be her ally in court. In Richard's court, the Doctor's support of the King's plans for peace earn him the wrath of the Earl of Leicester; Joanna is still oblivious of her brother's offer to Saphadin. The Doctor refuses to break the King's confidence to Joanna, but she learns of the bargain from Leicester and rounds angrily on Richard, announcing that the Pope would never allow her to marry an infidel. Richard seems to believe that the Doctor told his sister of the plan.

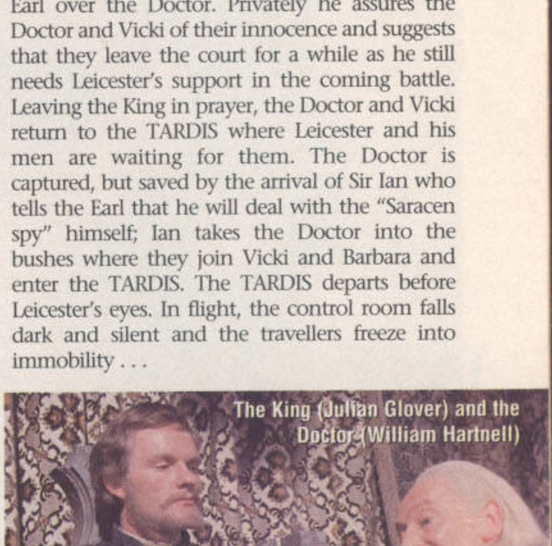
Saladin and Saphadin discuss the marriage; although Saphadin accepts, Saladin proposes to have his armies readied. Ian, resting as he crosses the desert to Lydda, is attacked by a bandit and knocked out. In Lydda, Barbara is brought before El Akir who informs her that: "The only pleasure left for you is death. And death is very far away."

THE WARLORDS

By throwing El Akir's gold pieces across the room, Barbara distracts the guards and escapes, hiding in the seraglio where she is protected by the emir's harem. As the palace is searched, El Akir offers a ruby ring as a reward if Barbara is located. One of the girls, Fatima, is happy to gain the jewel by betraying Barbara – and goes to inform the emir while Barbara is talking to Maimuna, another of the harem.

Ian is staked out on the ground by an Arab bandit called Ibrahim who daubs him with honey so that the ants will eat him, unless Ian gives him money. Ian tricks Ibrahim and overpowers him, forcing the thief to take him to Lydda where they unite against El Akir. By the time they arrive at the palace, Haroun has already started his attack; El Akir is killed with a knife in the back, the girls are rescued and Ian and Barbara evade the guards to set off back to the TARDIS.

Although he knows Leicester to have betrayed his plans to Joanna, Richard seems to favour the Earl over the Doctor. Privately he assures the Doctor and Vicki of their innocence and suggests that they leave the court for a while as he still needs Leicester's support in the coming battle. Leaving the King in prayer, the Doctor and Vicki return to the TARDIS where Leicester and his men are waiting for them. The Doctor is captured, but saved by the arrival of Sir Ian who tells the Earl that he will deal with the "Saracen spy" himself; Ian takes the Doctor into the bushes where they join Vicki and Barbara and enter the TARDIS. The TARDIS departs before Leicester's eyes. In flight, the control room falls dark and silent and the travellers freeze into immobility . . .


The King (Julian Glover) and the Doctor (William Hartnell)

against the heathen non-Christians in order to recover Palestine, and Jerusalem in particular, from the expanding Muslim empire. Studying the historical figures involved, particularly King Richard I and his sister Joanna, Whitaker liked the characters even more and realised that they were perfect material for a dialogue-orientated, character-driven drama – one which would become his favourite set of scripts for the series.

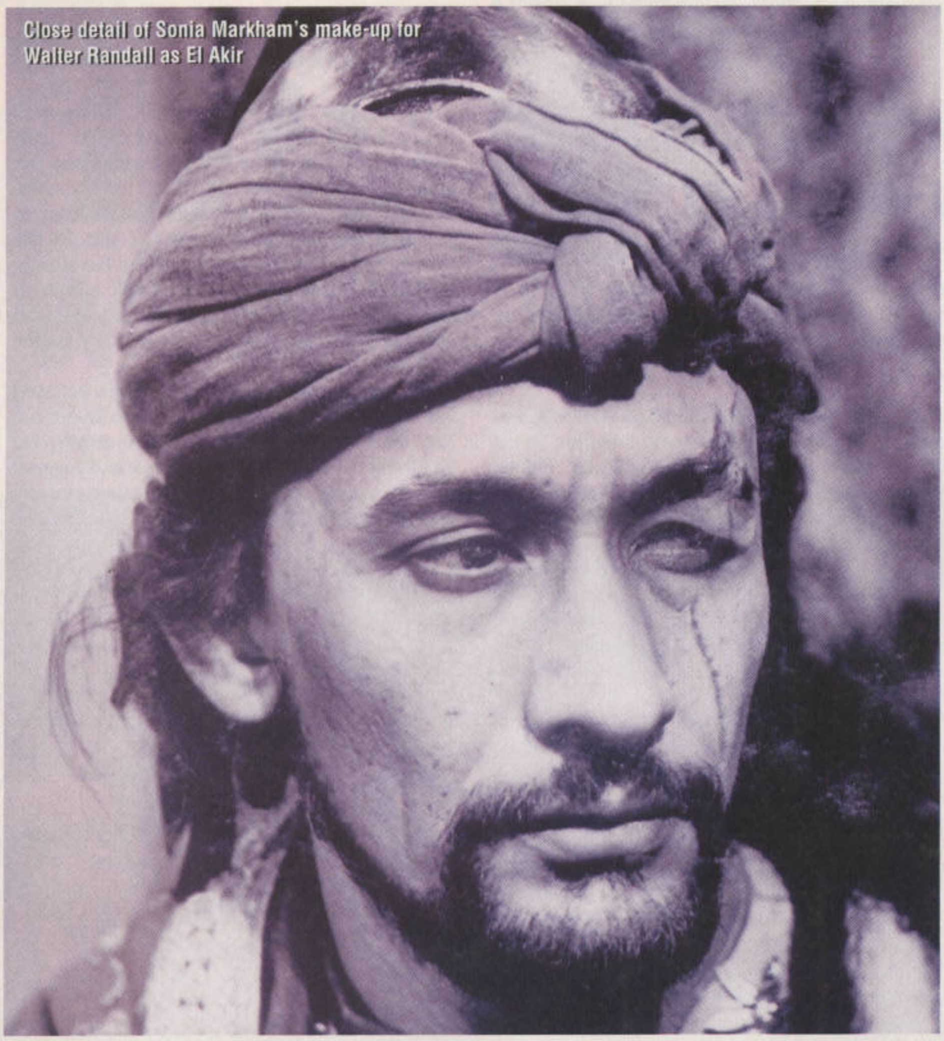
> "it was a labour of love . . . i relished the dialogue"
>
> **David Whitaker**

Whitaker's attention to historical detail was very strong, and in crafting his storyline he drew upon two actual events: an ambush on King Richard near Jaffa in November 1191 and the Kings' attempts to barter peace by arranging a marriage between Joanna and Saphadin, the brother of his opponent Saladin, in October 1191; the dates of the two events were transposed for dramatic purposes. A document assembled around April 1965 listing all the serials produced by Verity Lambert described Serial P as a "4 part Richard the Lionheart story between the 2nd and 3rd Crusade. Our travellers become involved with Richard's attempt to marry his sister to Saladin's brother. It fails and the 3rd Crusade begins".

The scripts were originally known under the title of *Dr Who and the Saracen Hordes* (*The Lionheart* has also been given as a working title), with the four episode titles being *The Lion, Damsel in Distress* (latterly *The Knight of Jaffa*), *Changing Fortunes* (latterly *The Wheel of Fortune*) and *The Knight of Jaffa* (latterly *The Warlords*).

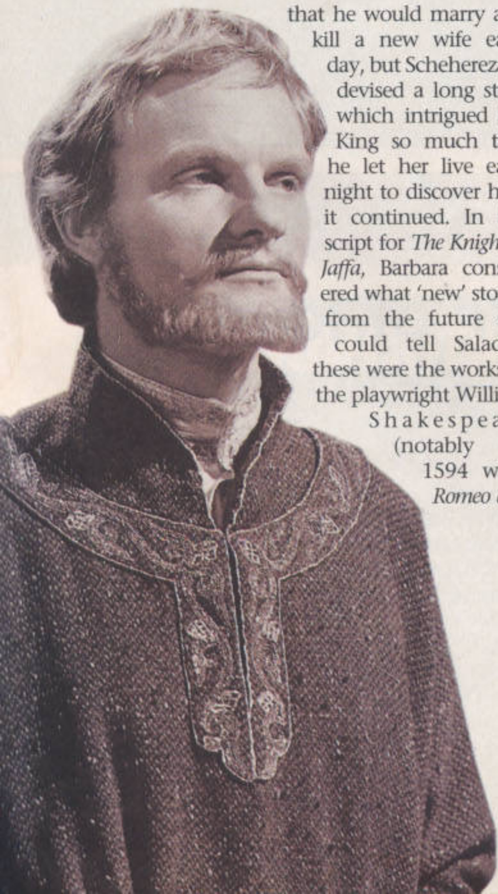
Whitaker's script for The Lion noted the pronunciation of Saladin as "Salahdin" and Preaux as "Pray-oh". The Doctor was generally referred to throughout as "Doctor Who" and the market trader at Jaffa was initially indicated as "Ben-Daheer".

In the script for *The Lion*, Barbara catalogued some of her recent travels, mentioning a world



Close detail of Sonia Markham's make-up for Walter Randall as El Akir

BBC [1] BBC Video [1] Barry Newberry [1]



ruled by insects (Vortis in *The Web Planet*), Nero's Rome (*The Romans*) and England of the far future (*The Dalek Invasion of Earth*). This led to dialogue between her and Saladin in which she was likened to Scheherezade, the storyteller from the 'Arabian Nights'; King Shahryar of Central Asia hated women and decreed that he would marry and kill a new wife each day, but Scheherezade devised a long story which intrigued the King so much that he let her live each night to discover how it continued. In the script for *The Knight of Jaffa*, Barbara considered what 'new' stories from the future she could tell Saladin; these were the works of the playwright William Shakespeare (notably his 1594 work *Romeo and Juliet*), the 19th century Danish author of fairy-tales Hans Christian Andersen, and *Gulliver's Travels*, as written by satirist Dean Jonathan Swift in 1726.

> **"Beautifully written, beautifully researched; I don't remember altering a single line"**
>
> **Douglas Camfield**

Spooner was amazed by the scripts which Whitaker submitted, finding them extremely adult and near-Shakespearean in their dialogue. A number of cuts were made, however. *The Lion* lost some of the material leading up to the forest ambush, comments from Saladin about Barbara being a diversion for his court, and dialogue as the King's wounds were tended at the palace. *The Knight of Jaffa* had trims made to the scene in which Joanna observes that her brother is wounded, to the scene in which the Doctor and Vicki say goodbye to Ian, and to the sequence featuring the Chamberlain, Ben Daheer and the stolen clothes. *The Wheel of Fortune* lost several lines of dialogue from both Joanna's angry outburst over Richard's plans and her comments on how she would wish to meet a new husband.

The BBC staff director assigned to the serial was Douglas Camfield, and this was his first major job; after some years as a production assistant (including *100,000 BC* and *Marco Polo*), Camfield had proved himself a capable director when he had helmed the final episode of *Planet of Giants* the previous summer. He was delighted to receive Whitaker's script, which became his favourite during his long career on *Doctor Who*; it was the only one on which rewriting was minimal. Camfield took his research very seriously, reading a great deal about the Crusades.

The show's star, William Hartnell, allegedly asked that some dialogue in Whitaker's rehearsal scripts which hinted at an incestuous relationship between Richard and Joanna be removed, feeling this unsuitable in what was essentially a family series. The material was apparently edited out in conjunction with Spooner.

The set designer on the serial was Barry Newbery, who had worked on *100,000 BC*, *Marco Polo* and *The Aztecs* the previous year. Extremely useful to Newbery was *Behind the Veil of Arabia*, a volume compiled by a Dutch author who had lived in Arabia in the fifties which, in addition to describing his life there, also contained many photographs of the architecture of Jaffa which showed that much of the building work undertaken by the Crusaders was still present. The props which adorned Newbery's sets were hired from a company called Old Times Props House. Daphne Dare and Sonia Markham continued to supervise costumes and make-up respectively, as per many previous serials.

Filming on 35mm stock took place on the sound stages of the BBC Television Film Studios at Ealing from Tuesday 16 to Thursday 18 February. The first day's work included all the scenes requiring William Russell, who was released from a day's rehearsal on *Invasion*, the fifth episode of the preceding serial *The Web Planet*. Essentially, Russell was required to perform two action sequences on film; one, a fight with a Saracen warrior played by stuntman Val Musetti (an extra in *Marco Polo*) on the forest set for *The Lion* and the other, a fight with David Brewster playing a bandit in the desert for *The Wheel of Fortune*. The second scene had been specially rescheduled in the script to allow it to be shot on film; this would be the only sequence in the episode to feature Ian and would thus allow Russell to enjoy a week's holiday (in the same way that Jacqueline Hill had just had a week off from *The Web Planet*).

The fight between Ian and the Saracen was choreographed by Derek Ware, who was the fight arranger on the serial – a function he had served on *100,000 BC*, *Marco Polo* and *The Aztecs*.

The desert sequence had to be reworked slightly to make it clear that two bandits attacked Ian – Brewster's bandit and the Arab as scripted by Whitaker. Armenian actor Tutte Lemkow had been hired as the Arab but was either not avail-

STORYLINE THE THIRD CRUSADE

Salah Al-Din Al-Ayyubi – noted for justice and chivalry – was known to the Europeans as Saladin. His rise to power began in 1169, and by 1175 had controlled Syria and Cairo as a single Arab state, expanding the Muslim empire by seizing Jerusalem in October 1187. Richard became King of England in July 1189 and within months was embarking upon the Third Crusade with Philip II of France. The end of 1190 was spent in Sicily where Philip and Richard quarrelled over the domination of Messina and Richard's betrothal to Philip's sister, Alice. Richard also retrieved his 25 year-old sister Joanna – the widowed queen of Sicily – who joined his entourage.

Philip reached Acre first in April and set about political manoeuvres to give Conrad of Montferrat the throne of Jerusalem by ousting Guy of Lusignan, an ally of Richard's. Conrad was an Italian Crusader who had valiantly defended Tyre against Saladin in 1187 and become a hero.

Richard arrived in the Holy Lands to help with the siege of the port of Acre in June 1191, and shortly after his arrival both he and Philip were taken ill, probably with malaria; on hearing of the illness, Saladin graciously sent gifts including fruit and snow (which is referred to in *The Knight of Jaffa*). Acre fell in July, and the Crusade was now taking it toll on Philip, who left for Tyre with Conrad that month and headed back to France to ensure his share of the inheritance from the recently deceased Philip of Flanders. Back in Paris, Philip formed an alliance against the King with Richard's younger brother John and King Henry VI of Germany (which is referred to in Whitaker's script for *The Lion*). During August, Richard took the ruthless step of massacring 2700 Muslim prisoners from the Acre garrison in view of Saladin's forces.

Fending off attacks from the Turks, Richard's Frankish army marched south. Saladin decided on another battle confrontation in September at Arsuf after abortive negotiations between Richard and Saladin's brother al-Adil Saif-ed-Din, whom the Franks called Saphadin (in *The Lion*, Saphadin does not recognise des Preaux as an impostor). The battle was a messy affair, but one which Richard triumphed over (as mentioned by the Earl of Leicester in *The Wheel of Fortune*). On 10 September, Richard's forces seized Jaffa as his base camp for the inland assault on Jerusalem. The main Turkish force withdrew to Ramlah – between Jaffa and Jerusalem – while Saladin's entourage was established at Ascalon, a harbour fortress to the south which linked Egypt to Syria (mentioned by Richard in *The Knight of Jaffa*). While the Franks rebuilt Jaffa, Saladin realised that he could not defend both Jerusalem and Ascalon, and so set about dismantling the latter.

In October 1191, Reynard of Sidon arrived at the court of Saphadin as an emissary from Conrad of Montferrat, who was now Richard's enemy (this is referred to in *The Knight of Jaffa* when Luigi Ferrigo speaks of Conrad of Tyre). This was a move by the cunning diplomat Saphadin to split the Christian camp by negotiating with both Richard and Conrad. Meantime, Richard went back to Acre and on returning to a rebuilt Jaffa brought Joanna and his wife Berengaria with him (oddly enough, in *The Lion* des Preaux comments that the Queen is not travelling with Richard).

On 20 October 1191, Richard offered the hand of Joanna to Saphadin in marriage – the hope was that if Saladin handed over Palestine to Saphadin then the Crusaders would have Christian rights of pilgrimage to enter Jerusalem. While Saphadin was agreeable, he knew that the marriage would not take place and Saladin looked upon the proposal as a joke. In the meantime, Joanna – who had not been consulted by Richard on the matter – refused to become the wife of an infidel and appealed to Pope Celestine III (this sequence forms the basic narrative of *The Knight of Jaffa* and *The Wheel of Fortune*). Richard then attempted to repeat the strategy, this time with his niece, Eleanor of Brittany.

On 8 November, Saphadin invited Richard to a banquet at his camp in Lydda (which Whitaker uses as El Akir's stronghold in *The Knight of Jaffa*) but no agreement was forthcoming. In late November, a hunting party with King Richard (who was using a little hawkling) was resting after a long ride and a morning's sport in a forest outside Jaffa. A group of Saracens attacked while they slept and then fled when Richard rallied after his men on his horse Fauvel. However, pursuing the Saracens they ran into an ambush. The Turks recognised the king, and it was only the quick thinking of one of the King's escort, William de Preux (also known as William of Pratelles), in calling "I am the King! I am the melech!" that tricked the ambushers. De Preux was captured instead; Richard sustained injuries and four of his knights were killed in the skirmish (this event is the basis for *The Lion*).

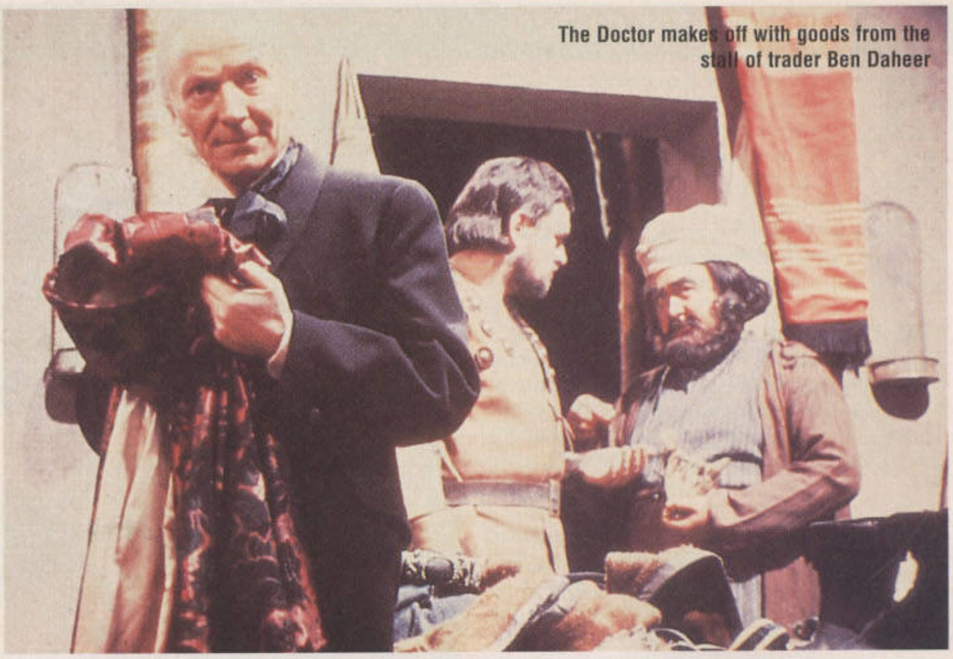
Richard advanced to within a few miles of Jerusalem in November and December, rebuilding castles on the road from Jaffa; during this time Richard's heroic nature saved the Earl of Leicester (whom Whitaker incorporates into his scripts) and a group of Knights Templars from the Turkish cavalry. However, by January 1192, the King realised that he would be unable to retain control over the Holy City even if he gained entry, and ordered a retreat to Ascalon (as 'predicted' by the Doctor in *The Warlords*).

able for the filming or it was considered not necessary to hire him for this additional work; Lemkow would appear for the recording of *The Warlords* only, while Brewster appeared on film only in *The Wheel of Fortune*.

Judged difficult to control in the electronic studio, the two shots calling for black ants to advance upon Ian in *The Warlords* were made on film. Assistant floor manager Michael Briant (later a director on the series) arranged for a colony of around 75 black ants to be supplied by London Zoo; as it transpired, many of the insects died under the heat of the film studio lights. The second shot required was to show the ants on Ian's hand, moving up his arm – an experience which Russell flatly refused to submit to. It was agreed that Viktors Ritelis, a tough Balkan who was Camfield's production assistant (and later became a TV director himself), would double for Russell's arm in this shot, thus sparing the actor's discomfort.

Filming on Wednesday 17 continued with forest sequences for the first and last episodes. These included: the opening shots, which featured Ware as a Saracen creeping through the woods as the TARDIS materialises; the TARDIS dematerialising at the end of the serial; and part of the forest ambush sequence in which de Tornebu

Julian Glover, fellow cast and feathered friend prepare for recording at Riverside Studio 1



The Doctor makes off with goods from the stall of trader Ben Daheer

(actor Bruce Wightman) throws his sword, impaling Ware's Saracen. The other sequence filmed on this day was for *The Knight of Jaffa*, and showed Chris Konyils and Raymond Novak as two Saracen warriors searching the streets of Lydda for Barbara in the film sequence which closed that episode. This telecine insert was completed the following day, Thursday 18, when Jacqueline Hill was released from rehearsals on *The Web Planet: Invasion* to film shots of Barbara's flight and concealment on the street set. The story was a particular favourite of Hill's, and she enjoyed working with Camfield again.

Rehearsals on "Dr Who Serial 'P' (*The Crusade*)" – as the camera scripts were titled – began at the London Transport Assembly Rooms on Monday 1 March. The main guest star for the serial was Julian Glover in the part of Richard the Lionheart; the actor had worked on *Tom Jones* and *The Girl with Green Eyes* and had just completed a tour of Europe and South America performing Shakespeare with Sir Ralph Richardson. At one point, it had seemed that Glover might not be available and so Camfield interviewed another actor whom he had been aware of at school in Egypt – Nicholas Courtney. As it transpired, Glover was available and Camfield felt that Courtney was not right for the role. Glover had been sent earlier drafts of the rehearsal scripts with the hinted incestuous relationship intact, and was disappointed to find that this had been removed.

SCRIPTING CHARACTERS

Richard Coeur de Lion was described in David Whitaker's script as a "superbly handsome virile-looking man in his early thirties. His hair is red-gold, he is taller than average", while his sister Joanna "has fair hair and is not tall. Her figure and carriage are superb". The villain of the piece, Emir El Akir, was "in his late thirties, powerful; dangerous looking, accustomed to leading men. His clothes are richly embroidered" and his temporary accomplice in the episode *The Knight of Jaffa* was Luigi Ferrigo "a Genoese merchant . . . Luigi is a devious men, ruled by greed, bought by money. He is forty, thin and ugly". At Richard's court in Jaffa were the Chamberlain ("a tall, dignified figure, conscious of his position as court administrator") and the Earl of Leicester ("a tough, small but active man in his forties"). Barbara's ally in Lydda, Haroun Ed-diin, was "a powerful virile looking man in his middle forties, his clothes are poor" while Ian's attacker-turned-cohort in the final episode was "a revolting looking Arab, wearing ragged clothes and grinning with broken teeth . . . The Arab always speaks most pleasantly and with great humour, as if to a friend". The character was later named Ibrahim.

In common practice with television and film series of the day, European actors were used for major foreign roles and effectively 'blacked up' by the make-up department. Bernard Kay, who had been Tyler in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* a few months earlier, underwent this process to appear as Saladin. South African Walter Randall had appeared as Tonila in *The Aztecs* the previous year and was now cast as El Akir, complete with a scar across his left eye; Randall had been a good friend of Camfield's since they had worked together on the *Garry Halliday* serials for the BBC in 1959. David Anderson, who appeared as Reynier de Marun, had been the Aztec Warrior Captain in the same serial and had helped arrange some of the fight sequences; he had also appeared in action sequences in *Marco Polo* and *The Reign of Terror*.

BBC 1 BBC Video [3]

Recording of all four episodes of *The Crusade* took place at Riverside Studio 1. *The Lion* began the studio sessions on Friday 5 March 1965; the show was taped between 8.30 and 9.45pm. A photocall for BBC Publicity and the *Radio Times* was held at 3.45pm on the afternoon of camera rehearsals to obtain colour and monochrome shots of scenes in the forest, at the Jaffa market stall of Ben Daheer, in Saladin's reception chamber, and of King Richard and the Doctor in the King's palace; these were issued bearing the working title *The Saracen Hordes*.

The serial made great use of sound effects, notably birdsong in the forest near Jaffa and later the sounds of horses and market noise at Ramlah. The opening captions were superimposed over the film sequence of the TARDIS materialising which led into the ambush scenes. For these, a trained hawk was supplied by John Holmes of the Formakin Animal Centre, Benson in Oxfordshire; Holmes, a noted animal trainer for film and television, also played the walk-on part of the falconer in Richard's hunting party. Camfield scheduled five recording breaks that evening; the first came just before the travellers emerged from TARDIS to allow for camera movement while a second, after Barbara is tied up by the Saracens, allowed for wound make-up to be applied to Glover's head and an arrow shaft to be placed into the shoulder of Wightman's costume. Ian's calls for the missing Barbara were pre-recorded and played back into studio during taping, and Ware was again on hand to supervise the fight elements performed in the studio.

The third taping break came before the scene of the Doctor outside the TARDIS, allowing Hartnell to don a cloak and move sets; the fourth was purely for camera moves while the fifth, after the scene at Ben Daheer's stall, allowed Hartnell, Russell and Maureen O'Brien to change into their Crusading costumes for the final scene. Reverberation and echo was used on the soundtrack of scenes set in Richard's palace to exaggerate the sense of size, and the closing caption slide, "Next Episode: The Knight of Jaffa", was shown over a shot of the Doctor, Vicki and Ian.

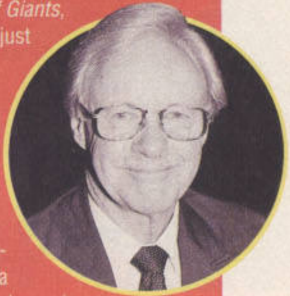
Rehearsals the following week saw the cast joined by Gabor Baraker and Zohra Segal, two more cast members from *Marco Polo*. Baraker, formerly Wang-lo, now featured as Luigi Ferrigo; Segal, a mime coach and extra the previous year, now appeared as Sheyrah. Also joining the cast was Jean Marsh, a former model and dancer who had worked on British and American TV shows (including *The Twilight Zone*), numerous films (including *Will Any Gentleman?*, on which she met her first husband, Jon Pertwee) and classical stagework (notably a Broadway season with John Gielgud). Marsh played Joanna; another actress considered for the part was Adrienne Hill, who read for Camfield and Lambert, but it was decided she was not tall enough. During rehearsals for *The Knight of Jaffa* on Thursday 11, O'Brien went to Ealing to film an insert for the first episode of the next serial, *The Space Museum*.

> **"We had to soft-pedal on the incest angle"**
>
> **Julian Glover**

Recording of *The Knight of Jaffa* took place at Riverside on Friday 12, starting with an re-enactment of the final moments of *The Lion*, after which the opening title captions were superimposed over shots of the TARDIS trio and King Richard. The episode was made with only three recording breaks, generally for camera moves, although the first (after the scene in which El Akir captures Barbara) was also to allow Russell to

Barbara and Safiya (Petra Markhan) hide from El Akir's men

INCIDENTAL MUSIC DUDLEY SIMPSON



Music recording for the serial took place on Thursday 25 March. Douglas Camfield used Australian Dudley Simpson, who had scored *Planet of Giants*, to compose and conduct just over nine minutes of music, performed by five musicians on percussion and woodwind. It was unfortunately the last time that the two men would work together on *Doctor Who*; shortly afterwards Camfield attended a dinner party at Simpson's home in Middlesex, during which Camfield commented on the musician's large house and estimated that Simpson was on a considerable income. When Simpson modestly denied such an income, Camfield accused him of lying and stopped hiring him (subsequent Camfield *Doctor Who* serials used either stock music or composers such as Tristram Cary, Don Harper or Geoffrey Burgon). Later in his career, while working on the BBC police thriller *Target*, Camfield became aware that he had misjudged Simpson and intended to hire him again, but the director's death a few years later precluded the two working together.

change into his knight's outfit. The closing slides were superimposed over a camera shot of the two Saracen soldiers looking for Barbara. With taping completed, both William Russell and Verity Lambert went on holiday – Russell for only one week, Lambert for a fortnight.

Another photocall was held on the afternoon of recording for *The Wheel of Fortune* on Friday 19; the publicity shots – this time noted as being from *The Crusades* – featured scenes of Barbara and Safiya (actress Petra Markham, younger sister of make-up designer Sonia Markham), King Richard, and the Doctor and Vicki with Joanna. The taping began with a new version of the cliff-hanger from the previous week, with the titles superimposed over Barbara hiding in the shadows. Three recording breaks were scheduled for the evening, mainly to erect sets and move cameras, although the final one allowed O'Brien to change out of 'Victor's' page-boy costume and become Vicki again (O'Brien also provided off-screen voices as El Akir's guards searched houses near Haroun's dwelling). The film sequence in which Ian is attacked by the bandit was augmented by an establishing shot of a lonely, rocky desert – nine feet of silent 35mm stock footage furnished by the ABPC Film Exchange. Closing captions were shown over a shot of Barbara in El Akir's palace.

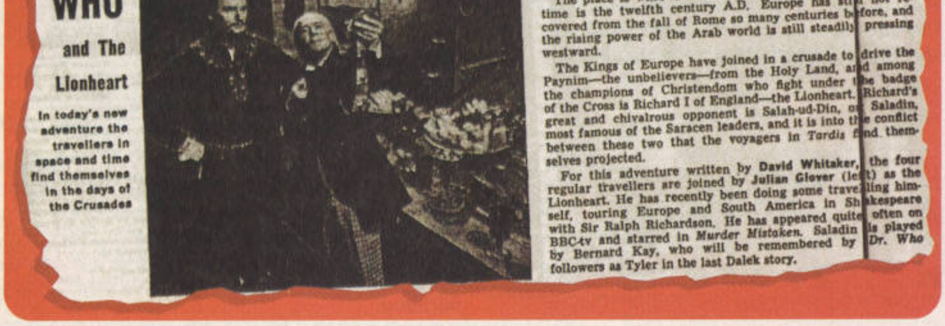
Yet another *Marco Polo* cast member returned to the series for the final episode; actor and acrobat Tutte Lemkow had played Kuiju in the earlier serial. Cast as 'Arab', Lemkow ad-libbed with relish, singing when setting the honeyed ant bait.

The Warlords concluded taping of the serial on Friday 26 March; recording took place between 8.15 and 9.45pm. At 5pm in the afternoon a special photocall was held for the subsequent episode, *The Space Museum*, in which the regular cast were required to be seen standing by the TARDIS control console in their *Crusade* outfits as per the last scene of the serial. At 10.25am, during camera rehearsals, Lemkow injured himself with the knife which he was using to cut the bonds on Russell's left boot; the blade went through to the bone of a finger on his right hand and he had to be taken to hospital for anti-tetanus injections.

Taping began with a new version of the reprise; title and writer credits were shown over shots of El Akir and Barbara. Camfield's schedule included seven recording breaks and a pause, most of which were for the movement of cameras or the striking of sets. The director had also called for the carcass of a cow to be present in the studio during recording so that he could obtain particular camera shots through the rotting rib cage (Ibrahim laying his honey and Ian trying to get free); the 'prop' soon attracted flies and smelled awful under the studio lights. Again, stock footage

PROMOTION

On Thursday 25 March, *Radio Times* promoted the new story with a half-page item entitled *Dr Who and the Lionheart*. Accompanied by a photograph of the Doctor and the King from the first episode, the piece set the scene for the conflict between Richard and Salah-ud-Din in the 12th century Middle East and promoted guest stars Julian Glover and Bernard Kay. During transmission of the serial on Friday 2 April, numerous daily papers (including *Daily Sketch*, *Daily Express* and *Daily Telegraph*) carried coverage of forthcoming cast changes for the show – the departure of William Russell and Jacqueline Hill. The same day, BBC1's children's comment programme, *Junior Points of View*, carried an item in which Russell appeared commenting on a new monster called a Doodle drawn by a young viewer.



DR. WHO and The Lionheart

In today's new adventure the travellers in space and time find themselves in the days of the Crusades

1

5.40

In spite of that elusive fault in her guidance system, the space-time vessel *Tardis* seems to have one consistent tendency—and that is to return every so often to the planet Earth. Today she touches down once more on that familiar soil—and into a dark though picturesque period of its history.

The place is what is now called the Middle East, and the time is the twelfth century A.D. Europe has still not recovered from the fall of Rome so many centuries before, and the rising power of the Arab world is still steadily pressing westward.

The Kings of Europe have joined in a crusade to drive the Paynim—the unbelievers—from the Holy Land, and among the champions of Christendom who fight under the badge of the Cross is Richard I of England—the Lionheart. Richard's great and chivalrous opponent is Salah-ud-Din, or Saladin, most famous of the Saracen leaders, and it is into the conflict between these two that the voyagers in *Tardis* find themselves projected.

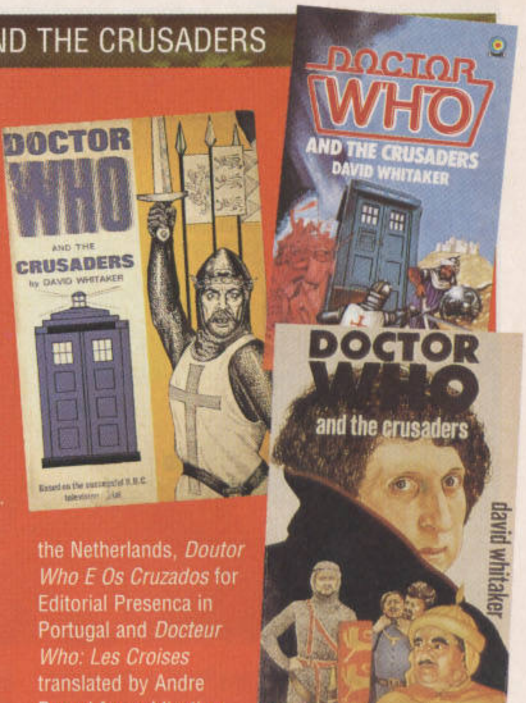
For this adventure written by **David Whitaker**, the four regular travellers are joined by **Julian Glover** (left) as the Lionheart. He has recently been doing some travelling himself, touring Europe and South America in Shakespeare with Sir Ralph Richardson. He has appeared quite often on BBC-tv and starred in *Murder Mistaken*. Saladin is played by Bernard Kay, who will be remembered by *Dr. Who* followers as Tyler in the last Dalek story.

Safiya Ediin

The Doctor and 'Victor' (Maureen O'Brien) meet Joanna (Jean Marsh)

was used for the desert sequences; 17 feet of silent 35mm film from ABPC comprised a panning shot of the desert, the blazing overhead sun and a gathering of vultures flying above. One recording break, at the death of El Akir, allowed the hilt of Haroun's dagger to be inserted into the back of Randall's costume. In the TARDIS scene at the end of the episode, Camfield mixed shots from a defocusing, pulsing image of the Doctor at the console to an elevated shot of the group around the central panel. The closing slide "Next Episode: The Space Museum" was then shown over a shot of the Doctor, Vicki and Barbara 'frozen' at the controls.

NOVELISATION DOCTOR WHO AND THE CRUSADERS



David Whitaker novelised his scripts as *Doctor Who and the Crusaders*, adding an extensive prologue and some extra action to a slightly resequenced version of the television events. Illustrated by Henry Fox, it was published in hardback by Frederick Muller in February 1966. A paperback edition published in 1967 by Dragon Books featured new illustrations by an unaccredited artist. Universal Tandem's Target imprint then reissued the title in May 1973 with a new cover by Chris Achilleos, but retaining the Fox illustrations; this was reprinted in 1979 with a new logo. In December 1975, White Lion Publishers produced a further hardback edition, again retaining the Fox interior but adding a dust-jacket showing Tom Baker's version of the Doctor. For the 1981 paperback reissue, Andrew Skilleter provided a new cover without Hartnell's face; this cover was also used on WH Allen's hardback edition in January 1985. In August 1988, the novelisation was combined with *The Daleks Invasion of Earth* to form the first of the *Doctor Who Classics* re-packaged volumes from Star Books. The book was also translated into overseas versions: *Doctor Who En De Kruisvaarders* adapted by JJ Van Der Hulst-Brander for RIV in the Netherlands, *Doutor Who E Os Cruzados* for Editorial Presenca in Portugal and *Docteur Who: Les Croises* translated by Andre Ruaud for publication as Book 2 in France's Editions Garanciere range in February 1987.

On transmission, the audience size for the serial fell sharply over the first two episodes in comparison to the huge ratings for *The Web Planet*. Although *Doctor Who* dropped out of the Top 20 programmes of the week after *The Lion*, ratings were still acceptable and the audience reaction index recovered briefly after the low figures recorded on the preceding serial. ITV opposition came in the form of the popular variety show *Thank Your Lucky Stars* in most regions, preceded by imported shows such as *The Forest Rangers* (ATV London/Southern), *The Littlest Hobo* (ABC) and *Quick Draw McGraw* (Southern).

Press reaction to the series at the time came from *The New Statesman* on Friday 16 April when John Holmstrom described it as failing because of "the wooden charm-lessness of the adventures" and "the pasteboard Romans, Saracens or French Revolutionaries"; instead he recommended an ABC series called *Wonderworld* in which Biblical scenes were acted out. However on Thursday 22 April, Bill Edmund writing in *Television Today* said that *The Crusade* serial was "one of the best we have had in the series".

16mm film prints of the serial were sold to Australia (received January 1966 and screened uncut in April 1966 with a repeat in early 1967), New Zealand (received September 1967 but not screened), Gibraltar, Singapore, Nigeria, Zambia, the Caribbean, Mauritius, Sierra Leone, Jamaica (around 1967) and Ethiopia (around October 1971). Because of the subject matter, the story was not marketed widely in the Middle East (Iran, which had purchased other serials such as *The Web Planet, The Space Museum* and *The Chase*, did not buy *The Crusade*); indeed, some overseas prints of *The Web Planet: The Centre* were issued with a "Next Episode: *The Space Museum*" caption to skip over the serial.

The original 405-line videotape of *The Knight of Jaffa* was wiped on Thursday 17 August 1967, with tapes of *The Lion* and *The Warlords* following on Friday 31 January 1969 (the date of *The Wheel of Fortune*'s wiping is not known). A 16mm film print of *The Wheel of Fortune* was retained by the BBC Film and Videotape Library, however. The overseas film prints were destroyed by BBC Enterprises around 1972 after it was felt there was no more saleable value in the programmes. 'Telesnaps' of *The Crusades* were taken by John Cura, but no sets of these images are currently known to exist. Soundtrack recordings of the whole serial made at the time survive extant.

The Wheel of Fortune was screened at the National Film Theatre on Sunday 30 October 1983 and was made available to regional NFT cinemas the following year. The episode was released by BBC Video as one of three instalments on *Doctor Who – The Hartnell Years* in June 1991. In February 1995, Titan Books published amended versions of the camera scripts as *Doctor Who – The Scripts: The Crusades*, edited by John McElroy. DWM

SERIAL P **THE CRUSADE**

CAST William Hartnell *Dr Who*, **William Russell Ian Chesterton**, **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright* and **Maureen O'Brien** *Vicki* with **Julian Glover** *Richard the Lionheart* and **John Flint** *William des Preaux* [1-2], **Walter Randall** *El Akir*, **David Anderson** *Reynier de Marun* [1], **Bruce Wightman** *William de Tornebu* [1-2], **Reg Pritchard** *Ben Daheer* [1-3], **Tony Caunter** *Thatcher* [1-2], **Roger Avon** *Saphadin* [1-3], **Bernard Kay** *Saladin* [1-3]; **Derek Ware**, **Valentino Musetti** *Saracen Warriors* [1]; **Jean Marsh** *Joanna* [2-3], **Robert Lankesheer** *Chamberlain* [2-3], **Zohra Segal** *Sheyrah* [2], **Gabor Baraker** *Luigi Ferrigo* [2]; **Chris Konyils** [2-3], **Raymond Novak** [2-4] *Saracen Warriors*; **George Little** *Haroun* [3-4], **Petra Markham** *Safiya* [3], **John Bay** *Earl of Leicester* [3-4], **David Brewster** *Turkish Bandit* [3], **Anthony Colby** *Saracen Warrior* [3-4], **Sandra Hampton** *Maimuna* [4], **Viviane Sorrel** *Fatima* [4], **Diana McKenzie** *Hafsa* [4], **Tutte Lemkow** *Ibrahim* [4], **Billy Cornelius** *Man-at-Arms* [4].

EXTRAS Edward Haroutunian, **Oscar James**, **Peter Johnson**, **Sam Shendhary**, **Roy Fletcher** *Saracen Warriors*; **Andy Brewer** *Richard's Squire*; **John Holmes** *Falconer*; **Rikki Patterson** *Priest*; **Henry Garcia** *Man-at-Arms*; **Roy Stewart**, **Peter Johnson** *Saracen Warriors*; **John Galahar** *Man-at-Arms*; **Carole Brett**, **Maureen Lane** *Ladies-in-waiting*; **Michael Hart**, **Winston Marsh** *Knights*; **Viktors Ritelis** *Double for Ian Chesterton (arm)*; **Abbas Haschen** *Saracen Warrior*; **Michael Guest**, **Walter Mann** *Men-at-Arms*; **Cicely Joseph**, **Mei Ling**, **Cleo Sylvestre**, **Evelyn Ong** *Concubines*.

CREDITS *Written by* **David Whitaker**. *Fight Arranger* **Derek Ware** [1]. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental music composed and conducted by* **Dudley Simpson**. *Film Cameraman* **Peter Hamilton** [1]. *Film Editor* **Pam Bosworth** [1]. *Lighting* **Ralph Walton** [4]. *Sound* **Brian Hiles** [4]. *Costumes supervised by* **Daphne Dare** [4]. *Make-up supervised by* **Sonia Markham** [4]. *Story Editor* **Dennis Spooner**. *Designer* **Barry Newbery**. *Producer* **Verity Lambert**. *Directed by* **Douglas Camfield**.

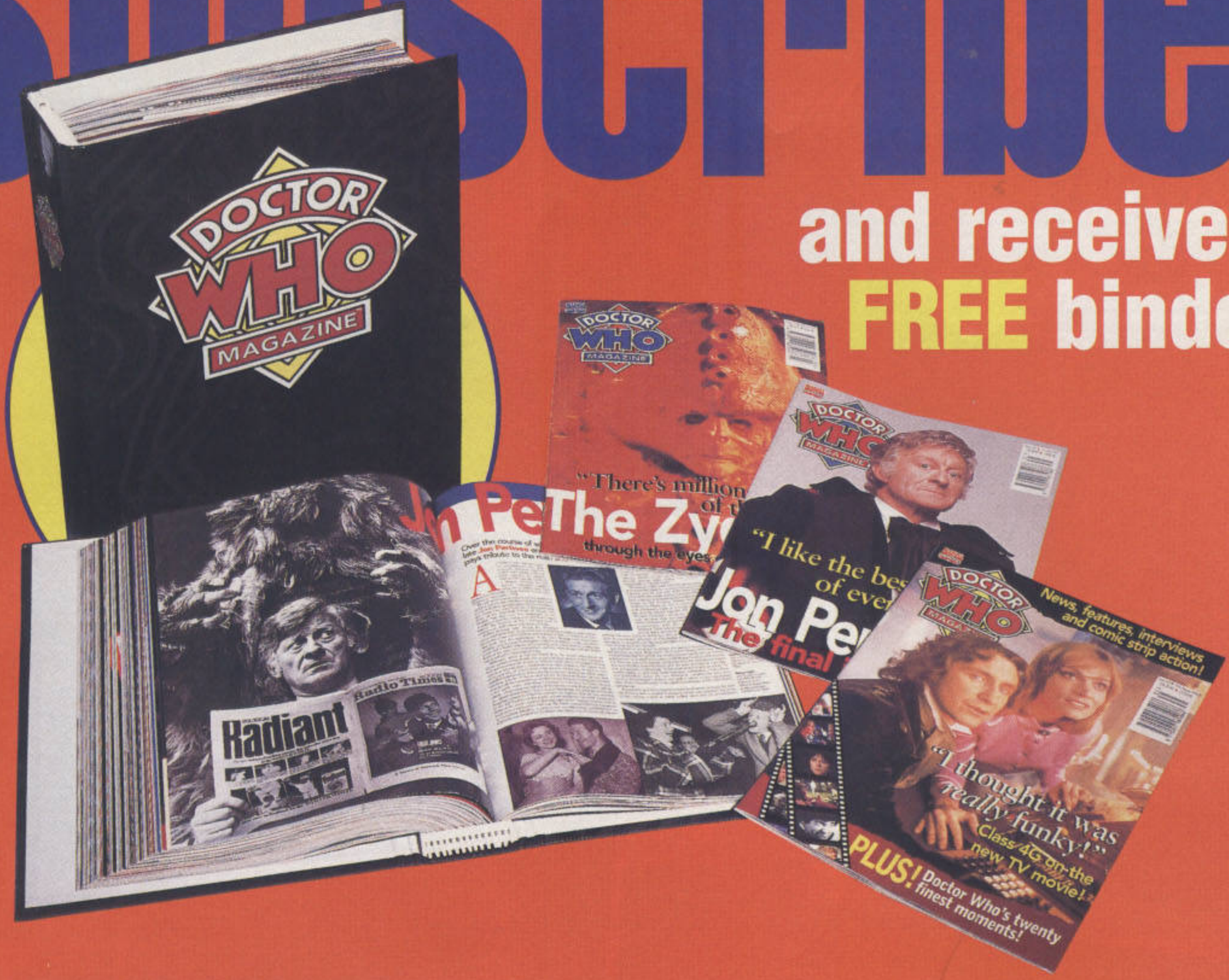
ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	drm.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
The Lion	27 March 1965	5.40-6.05pm	24'56"	10.5M (16th)	51%
The Knight of Jaffa	3 April 1965	5.40-6.05pm	23'28"	8.5M (29th)	50%
The Wheel of Fortune	10 April 1965	5.40-6.05pm	24'51"	9.0M (32nd)	49%
The Warlords	17 April 1965	5.40-6.05pm	23'48"	9.5M (27th)	48%

BBC Video [1]

Subscribe!

and receive a **FREE** binder!


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
Radiant
Radio Times
Jon Pe
The Zy
through the eyes
"There's million of t
"I like the be of eve
Jon Pe
The final
News, features, interviews and comic strip action!
"I thought it was really funky!"
Class 4G on the new TV movie!
PLUS! Doctor Who's twenty finest moments!

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Name

Address

Post Code

Date of Birth

Please supply me 13 issues of **Doctor Who Magazine**, starting from the next available issue, and my free binder. I understand that any one-off specials are not covered by this offer.

☐ UK £39.00 ☐ Europe £48.30 ☐ Other overseas £58.00

SC0117K

I would like to order ☐ further binders at a cost of £4.99 each.

Method of payment

☐ I enclose a cheque made payable to **Marvel Comics**

☐ Please charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

My card number is (13 or 16 digits)

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry Date ☐ Signature ☐

Discount rates

☐ I am a member of the **Doctor Who Appreciation Society** and my membership number is: ☐

I am a member of the ☐ **Friends of Doctor Who**

☐ **Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia** ☐ **New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club**

and enclose my **DWM** subscription discount voucher/label with this application.

☐ *On occasion we may permit other reputable companies to make offers of products or services to our customers. Tick here if you would prefer not to receive details of any special offers or new products.*

Subscribe to *Doctor Who Magazine* today and you'll receive a snazzy binder worth £4.99, perfect for keeping all the coming year's issues in mint condition!

By subscribing to *DWM* you can be sure to:

- **Never miss an issue!**
- **Have the magazine delivered to your door!**
- **Receive each issue without delay!**
- **Avoid any cover price rises during the year!**

Now you're convinced of the inescapable wisdom of subscribing, simply fill in the coupon on the right (or a photocopy) and post it with your payment to the address shown.

Cut out or copy this coupon and post it with your payment to:

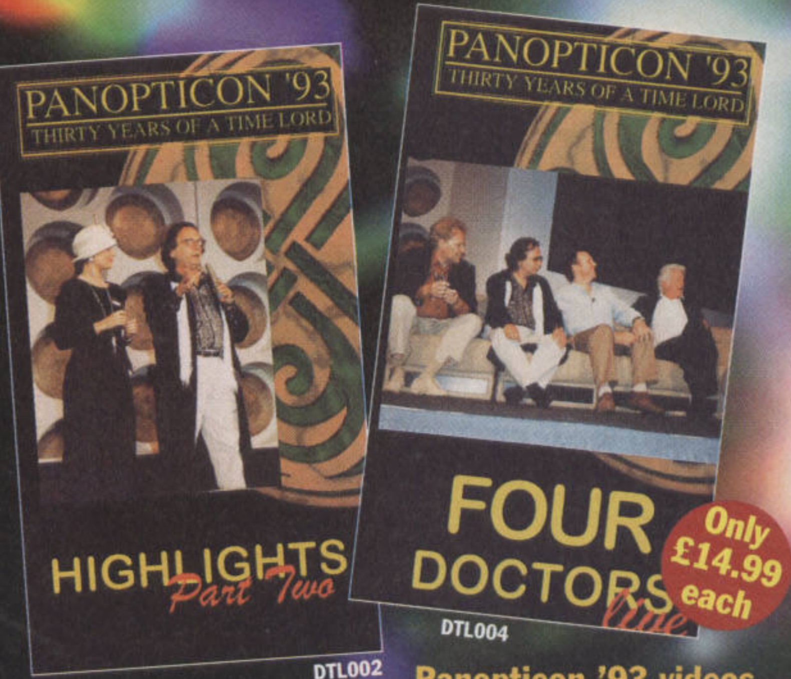
Doctor Who Subscriptions, PO Box 503,
Leicester, Great Britain LE94 OAD

***Telephone enquiries* 01858 410510**

Members of the *Doctor Who Appreciation Society*, the *Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia*, the *Friends of Doctor Who* and the *New Zealand Doctor Who Fan Club* can receive special discounts on subscriptions to *DWM*. Please contact your society for details.

Further binders can be ordered by subscribers at £4.99 each, using the form. Please note, however, that the binders only hold A4 size issues of *Doctor Who Magazine*.

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE


PANOPTICON '93
THIRTY YEARS OF A TIME LORD
HIGHLIGHTS
Part Two
PANOPTICON '93
THIRTY YEARS OF A TIME LORD
FOUR
DOCTORS
live

DTL002

DTL004

Only £14.99 each

Panopticon '93 videos

Videos of highlights from the largest Doctor Who convention ever held in the UK! Available in both UK standard PAL and US standard NTSC formats

DOCTOR WHO
Landfall
DOCTOR WHO
Highland
DOCTOR WHO
Monoliths

Landfall

Highland

Monoliths

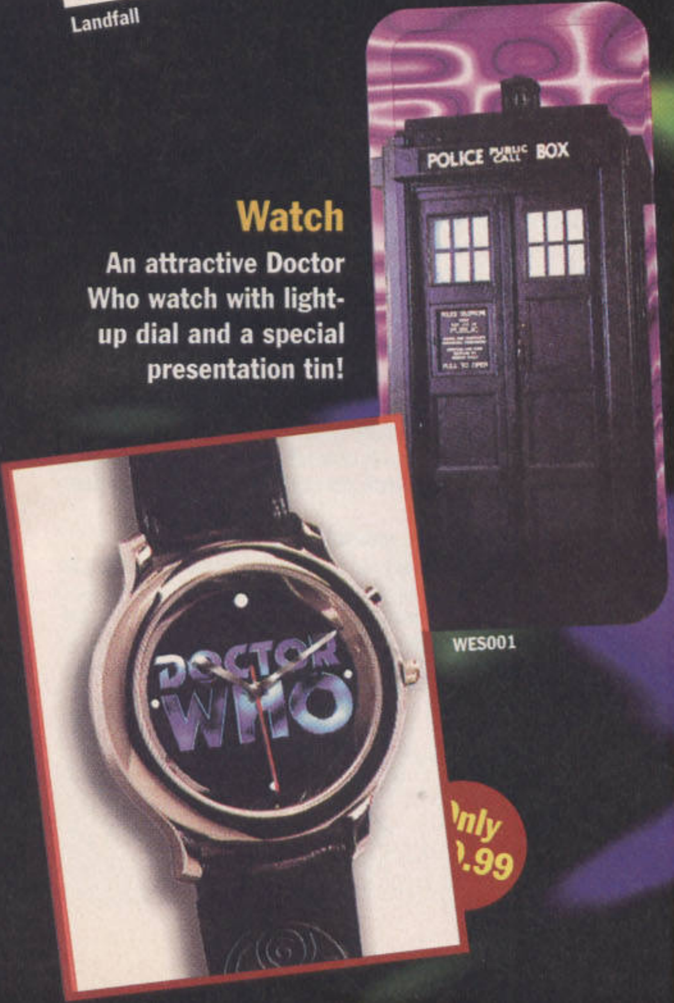
Only £5.99 each

TARDIS prints

A new series of six evocative images showing the TARDIS in a variety of landscapes!

Watch

An attractive Doctor Who watch with light-up dial and a special presentation tin!


POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
DOCTOR WHO

WES001

nly
.99

Open to Visitors

Ruins of Time

Snowscape

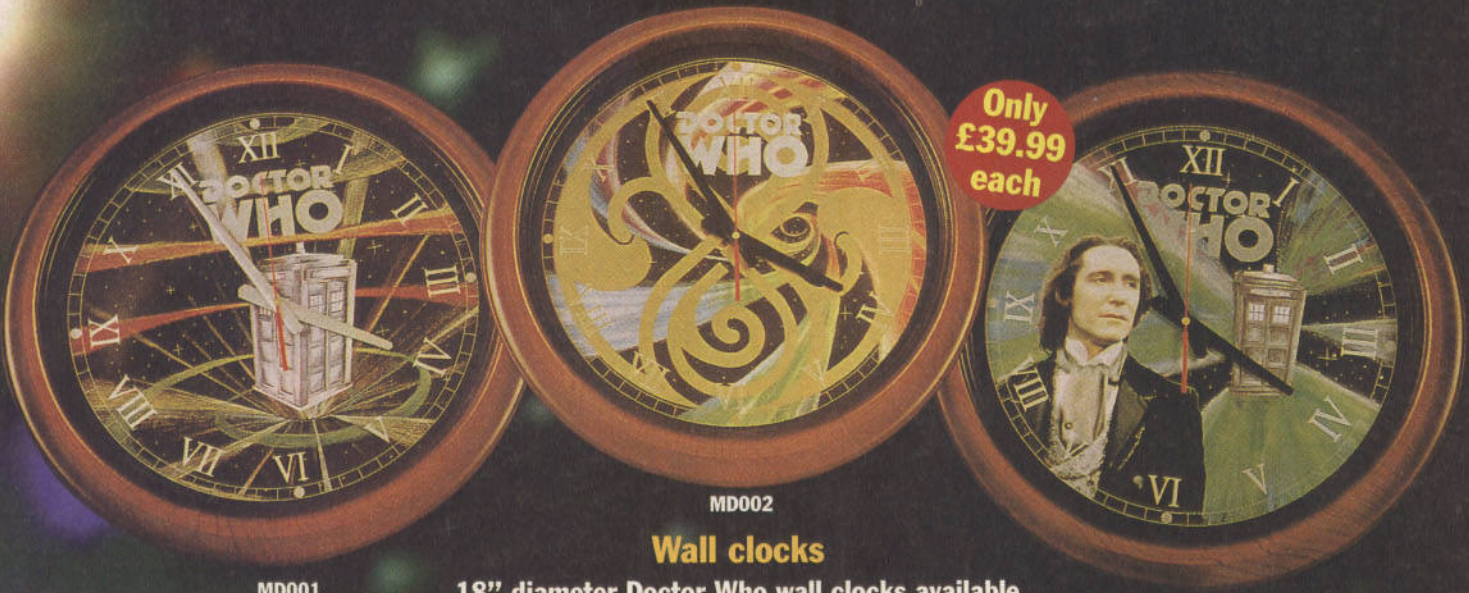
60p each

Tardis postcards

Six new designs – available individually or as a complete set of 12 different postcards at a special price!

Reader Offer!

A further selection of quality *Doctor Who* merchandise, available in time for Christmas



Only £39.99 each

MD001

MD002

MD003

Wall clocks

18" diameter Doctor Who wall clocks available in a choice of three striking designs!

Send completed form to

Marvel
Readers Offer
PO Box 190
Taunton
Somerset TA1 4XY

All orders will be dispatched within 28 days, but in the event of overdemand we may advise you in writing of any further delay.

If you do not wish to receive details of other special offers then please tick here ☐

Order address

Name
Address

Postcode
Tel no

Easy ways to order!

- By phone with credit card Hotline no. 01823 353000
- Fax a copy of this page with credit card details Hotline no. 01823 351382
- Post a copy of this page with cheque or postal order (no cash please)

Item code	Description	Price	Quantity	Total price
WES001	Watch	£29.99		
MD001	Wall clock: TARDIS	£39.99		
MD002	Wall clock: Seal of Rassilon	£39.99		
MD003	Wall clock: Eighth Doctor and TARDIS	£39.99		
IBP	TARDIS prints: new set! ☐ Highland ☐ Monoliths ☐ Landfall ☐ Ruins of Time ☐ Open to Visitors ☐ Snowscape	£5.99 ea		
IBP	TARDIS postcards: new set! ☐ Highland ☐ Monoliths ☐ Landfall ☐ Ruins of Time ☐ Open to Visitors ☐ Snowscape	60p ea		
IBP	Complete series of 12 postcards	£13.20		
DTL001	Panopticon '93: Highlights Part 1 ☐ PAL ☐ NTSC	£14.99		
DTL002	Panopticon '93: Highlights Part 2 ☐ PAL ☐ NTSC	£14.99		
DTL003	Panopticon '93: Tom Baker ☐ PAL ☐ NTSC	£14.99		
DTL004	Panopticon '93: Four Doctors ☐ PAL ☐ NTSC	£14.99		

Sub total	
Post and packing	
UK and N Ireland	☐ £2.50
Rest of World	☐ £5.00
	(tick one box)
Total	

Method of payment

☐ Cheque/postal order made payable to Marvel Reader Offer

☐ Visa ☐ M/C ☐ Delta ☐ Switch issue no ________

Card number ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry date /

Cardholder's name Signature

Out of the Tardis

Anneke Wills

She may have been but a smart Sloane set secretary in Doctor Who, but this time round it's actress Anneke Wills – formerly sixties companion Polly – who's giving the dictation as she rattles through 20 random questions plucked from deep within that notorious TARDIS tin . . .

Interview Paul Vyse Photographs Robin Prichard [3]

Have you ever pulled the legs off a spider?

No, I let my boys do that. I don't actually mind little house spiders, but I have an aversion to large ones. When I was in Malaysia I lived in a hut in a Chinese fishing village, and there was this huge black tarantula that used to get into my clothes – I used to have to shake them all before I put them on.

Who should play you in a film of your life?

Michelle Pfeiffer is pretty enough!

Have you ever written a letter of complaint?

Yes, I have. Just in the past year I've started writing what I call 'up your bum' letters to people who need to hear, "Excuse me, but I'm a human being and I don't deserve to be treated like this!" Standing up for myself at last – the new assertive me! I've got a whole file at home now called 'up your bum' letters!

What was the most memorable thing written about you in a school report?

I was terribly naughty at school, which I'm sad about – I feel sad for the teachers, actually. The teacher used to walk into the class and say "Good afternoon, Upper 4B," and we'd all reply, "Good afternoon, Mrs Maliphant," and she'd say, "Anneke, outside. And now, class . . ." And they just used to get rid of me! So I think my reports probably reflected that – that I was impossible, except in the subjects that I was really interested in, which were – apart from boys – art and literature, which I did well in.

Sean Connery or Roger Moore?

Sean Connery, because I've worked with Roger Moore! (laughs) No, just because it's a case of horizons unexplored – Roger was lovely and I'd like to see what Sean is like!

Would you ever appear nude on TV, film or stage?

Well, I have, in a film called *The Pleasure Girls*. When the American producers saw the first rushes they said "No, no, no, we've got to have much more sex in this, we'll never sell it," so perfectly ordinary scenes which had taken place in a coffee bar or a telephone booth had be turned into bed scenes! Then the director looked at me and said – and looking back this was time for an 'up your bum' letter too! – "Well, Anneke, I think we'll have to shoot you from behind," because I wasn't hugely endowed! So all my little scenes became somewhat expanded – lucky I've got a beautiful back! Would I do it now? Yeah, sure, because I'm now I've worked so much on my inner self, I'm not so concerned about the outer – it's just a shell, really.

Do you have a recurring nightmare?

Yes. I've got to get on stage, my costume doesn't fit and I don't know my lines. And it's Shakespeare. And when I do get on stage I end up ad-libbing it and hoping that the audience aren't incredibly intelligent and know that I'm making it all up. I know where this nightmare came from, too – when I was 11, I was in a panto understudying Julia Lockwood, and I wasn't rehearsed properly and my costume didn't fit. Terrifying for a young actress.

I've taken to doing a bit of Shakespeare's Titania from *Midsummer Night's Dream* on stage as a part of the evening entertainment at science fiction conventions. What I didn't realise on a recent occasion was that the hall was absolutely full of Klingons, all in a terrible muddle, not knowing what was going on! And so there I was, having to set up my props and things, and grabbing these Klingons to be Bottom and the fairies!

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

In which one of the seven deadly sins do you indulge most often: anger, sloth, gluttony, covetousness, envy, pride or lust?

I've worked on a lot of these over the years. Anger – not very often, but if I *do* have it I let it rip. The point about anger is to really *feel* it. Sloth – well, I can easily go to bed for three days at a time; I call it my "exquisite fatigue"! Gluttony – sure, oh yes! I love that moment when you think "Stuff it, I'll diet tomorrow!" Covetousness – yes. Every so often, as an interior designer, I open magazines and see these *gorgeous* places that people live in, lovely crumbly farmhouses, and I think "Who are these people who can have these places?" Envy is similar. Pride – no. I value myself now, but I won't be pushed over. Recently someone tried to cut me down on prices for some paintings and I had to say, "I'm sorry, I can't give you a deal on these paintings because my work stands up for itself," even though I needed the money. And the next day she called back and said she loved the paintings so much she'd take them anyway! Lust – no, I'm too old for that! One in particular? I'd say covetousness.

Which part of your body would you most like to change?

When I was a younger actress I know I didn't get a lot of parts because I wasn't hugely endowed bust-wise, and this was very frustrating because I knew I was totally sexy and turned people on! Directors were so short sighted then – it's changed now, and totally flat-chested ladies are considered completely delicious. So I think probably in those days I'd have had a boob job.

Nowadays, I don't know. My body is my dear friend and although I've abused it my whole life – you know, drinking and smoking too much and taking drugs and LSD in the seventies – it has survived, and has a wisdom way beyond me. I'm in deep respect for it. So I wouldn't want to change anything about this sweet body of mine – it's served me well for all these hundreds of years!

What do you think has been your most life-changing decision?

Not to go to Hollywood in the sixties, and stay in England and grow vegetables.

What is the most money you have ever spent on a single luxury?

(laughs loudly) Well it has to be clothes, doesn't it? Can I slightly bend the question? Last Easter I was feeling very abandoned and lonely – I was trying to get in touch with my son and couldn't – and I was hurting. I went unconscious, and I woke up in this lovely shop busily buying a very expensive Le Creuset pot which I didn't need. I saw it as $150 worth of love that I needed! (laughs) And every time I look at this pot I say, "That is my pot of love, I needed a-hundred-and-fifty bucks' worth!"

Do you have a lucky charm or mascot?

I have lots of little *Doctor Who*-ey things that people have given me – I have a little silver TARDIS. When I get hurt I need something. Just recently, after all this stuff with the painting exhibitions when people weren't treating me the way they ought, I went out and bought myself this darling little doll, a really simple angel, just totally cute. That represents my inner child – you know, "I need a dolly now!" When I was in the ashram in Poonah I used to have a teddy bear, but he was always out on loan (laughs) – everybody else wanted to share him!

What is the nicest thing a fan has said to you?

I had a wonderful letter from a fan. I think I must have mentioned at a convention that I haven't really watched any of my *Doctor Whos* since the time I did them, and I had this idea that Polly's character was a bit feeble and weedy. And this letter arrived saying,"No, you're wrong, you were feisty and sorted them out!" and really talked to me about my character. It was a very intelligent letter, so I wrote back and thanked him for putting me straight!

What is the most sensitive part of your body?

(laughs and hits me with the envelope) Only one guess! I'm a woman – don't be silly!

What law would you pass?

I would pass a law saying that no one could become a politician unless they had done a course in meditation, especially vipassana meditation, which is ten days sitting blindfold through which you come to realise who you are and that none of us are really separate. What would happen of course is that these people wouldn't then want to become politicians because they would end up with a different slant on the world.

What is your greatest unfulfilled ambition?

I think I'm more or less fulfilled now, I don't really have any ambitions any more. I have the life I want. I know when I was working as an actor my agents used to go crazy trying to plot me a good career, and I was always driving them mad by turning left and right and saying, "but no, *I* want to go and try *this* now, and work in Spain and work with so-and-so!"

What is/are your middle names?

Just Anneke. Always has been, always will be!

Who is your best friend?

I would say that it's an extension of me, someone who takes care of me – I suppose I would call it my soul. Everyone has one – it's there all the time, and even if we don't take any notice of them they are there. They bring all our experiences to us and guide us around. When I first cottoned on to this I ended up on the floor in floods of tears at the idea that this sweet being had been there all the time taking care of me.

What object would you save first if your house was on fire?

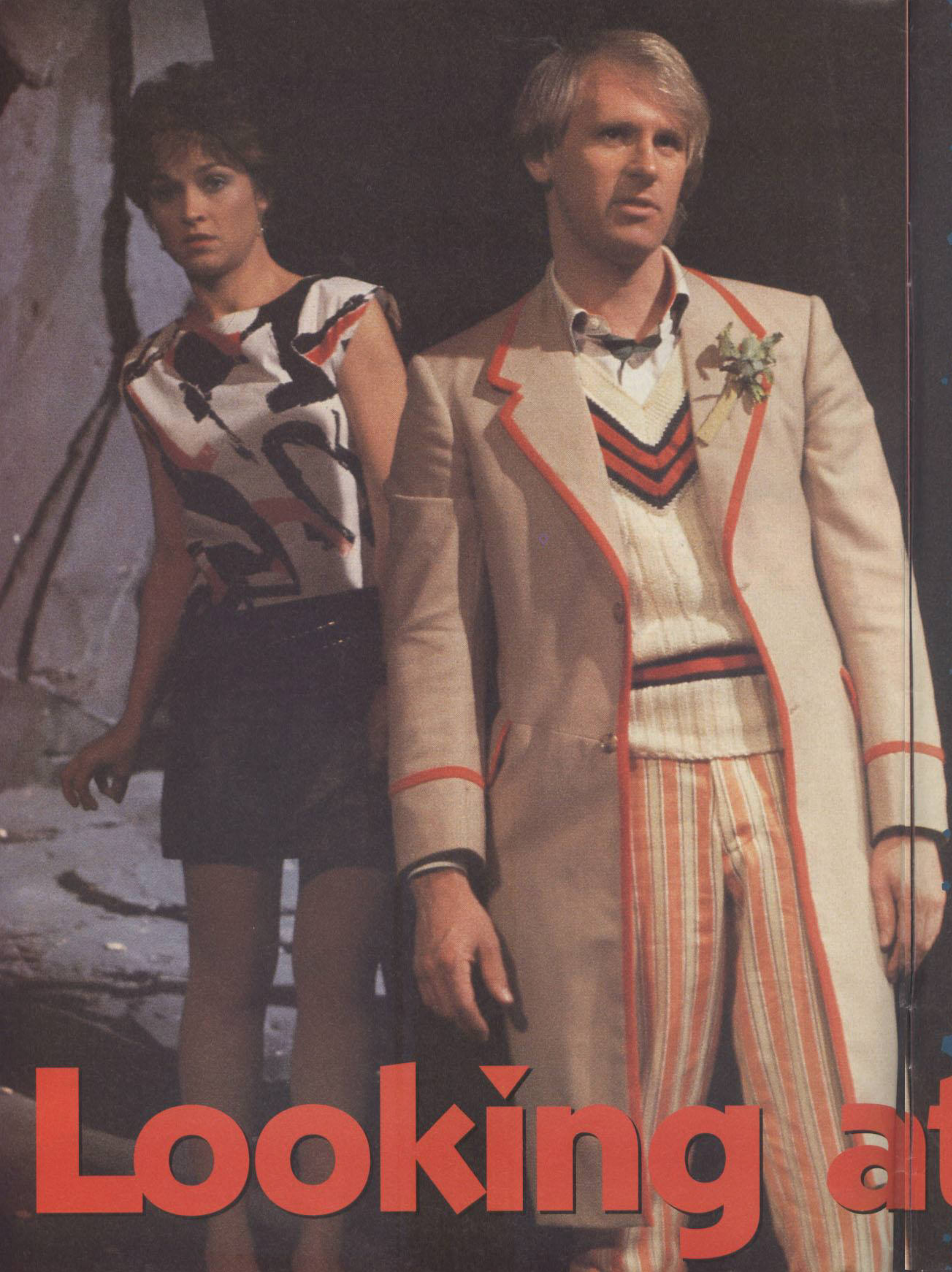
(long think) A picture of my daughter, who died. I only have one picture of her, and I think that's my most precious possession. Her name was Polly, and that was before I got the part. Sophie Aldred just got married in the church where Polly is buried . . .

What mementos of your time on *Doctor Who* have you kept?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Mike Craze kept his jacket and various other things, but it's easy if you live in a house all the time. Because I've been travelling all the time, I just haven't. Sorry! DWM

Looking at the stars

With two Fifth Doctor serials to his credit, writer Christopher H Bidmead's association with Doctor Who didn't end following his resignation from the series' script editorship – and nearly continued into the Sixth Doctor's reign. "I had much more stuff to give!" he tells Peter Griffiths in the final part of this interview . . .



Chris Bidmead's criteria for *Castrovalva*, the Fifth Doctor's first adventure, were clear in his own mind. "I wanted to come up with a rattling good story in which the Doctor could be threaded deep into the fabric rather than sitting embossed on top as was Tom's Doctor. The Doctor could then emerge from the fabric as it crumbles away. There was something about the architecture of that idea which appealed to me very much. I was probably trying to express again my thoughts on Peter coming into this topsy turvy *Doctor Who* world. Removing the Doctor also gave the companions more to do and helped them lose their ambiguity of purpose. Of course, I was also struck by the artist Escher's picture *Castrovalva*, which I first saw in a book on Charing Cross Road. I certainly can't remember it having anything to do with anybody's office in the BBC!"

Was the story's bewildering concept of recursive occlusion also courtesy of Mr Escher? "There were two prints I had in mind. There was the one called *Castrovalva*, in which you see a castle on top of a great wall, and another which has a village square with stairs that go up and down at the same time and all sorts of complicated things. It was one thing to see this as a print and another thing to convey it dramatically, but it seemed natural to me for a *Doctor Who*. You needed some verbal explanation as well, hence the recursion.

"Without question, what sticks most in my mind about the story is the lead Castrovalvan, Shardovan, and the fact of his vague suspicions that he may not be a real person. That still makes the hair stand up on the back of my neck, that and the story's recursive implications. It has shades of everybody's childhood; the idea that I suppose comes to all children that maybe they're only a toy in somebody's dream seemed to me the ultimate frightening idea. Shardovan was terribly important to me. You didn't need monsters if you had a character coming to this realisation. It was a similar thing with the Watcher in *Logopolis*."

"*Frontios* didn't have the 'tingle' factor of *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva*"

A development of Chris' fascination with the TARDIS was the Zero Room, the haven of tranquility to which the Doctor retreats after his regeneration. "The isolation was a natural extension of the Doctor being weak and needing to recuperate, and taking him off to some hospital didn't seem right. There was a film in the sixties called something like *The Tank*. It was about experiments involving people in flotation tanks – sensory deprivation and so forth. The idea was that you could relax completely because the water around you was exactly the temperature of the human body etc. The interesting thing was that when external stimuli were removed, the mind's internal ghosts came out. That's a fundamentally nice dramatic idea."

In addition to scripting the opening story, Chris set in motion several of the scripts which would form part of Peter Davison's first season before he vacated his post. "I'm sure I commissioned *Kinda* and was involved in the early development of the storyline. Chris Bailey is a very familiar name. I've no idea what happened to him. I think Eric Saward submitted a script out of the blue [*The Visitation*], but I had nothing to do with the Concorde story [*Time-Flight*] and neither does *Four to Doomsday* sound familiar."

Chris is equally mystified when I mention *Project Zeta-Sigma*, a script written by the *Meglos* team of John ▶

Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch which was slated to open the season prior to the commissioning of *Castrovalva* [see last issue's ***DWM Archive***]. "I suppose I could have commissioned that and it was later given the boot, but I certainly didn't kick one of John and Andy's scripts out of the way in order to make way for my own! By January 1981 I was outside of the machinery of government, so I'm not sure. It was quite alarming to stand there and realise you were an outsider."

Before he departed, Chris did have some say in his successor, a temporary draftee from the BBC script unit named Antony Root. "Antony was amazing, but the script unit was, on the whole, completely useless. People had told me that the unit was just somewhere for the BBC to hire bright young people until they could find somewhere to put them. Their job was to take all these unsolicited scripts which would pour in and rubber stamp them, saying, 'Thank you very much. We read it but can't do anything with it.' I'd been quite successful in stimulating storylines from outside people for *Doctor Who*, and my wonderful idea had been to use the Script Unit to do the broad reading for me and send on the better ones.

"Old Rooty was a very young man doing this nothing job in the script unit. I started redirecting these story ideas which came in, and they were coming back with really intelligent comments on them. My God, there was an intelligent mind at work here! I managed to pull some strings and get Root seconded to me, and he took over in the interim between me and Saward. He was very wise to limit it to that; he went on to a very distinguished career. Ask yourself: if he had spent a season being script editor of *Doctor Who*, would he be where he is today?"

John Nathan-Turner continued to search for a permanent script editor while Antony Root served his three months, and Eric Saward was eventually offered the full-time job. "Obviously it wasn't in my gift, but I certainly recommended Eric. The image of him that sticks with me is of immense robustness. I didn't look to him for any great artistic subtleties such as I fancied was characteristic of my own editorship, but I'd realized by that stage that it was not a necessary qualification. You needed robustness, an ability to hang on to your sanity in strong circumstances. If Eric had nothing else, he had that. The fact that he was able to stick it out for five years must support that judgement. I think the job did indeed amuse him very much for a while, but it drove him batty in the end . . ."

The Doctor (Peter Davison) and Adric (Matthew Waterhouse) in *Kinda*, a story developed by Chris Bidmead

The demanding days of 1980 behind him, Chris was a free agent once more, looking for new directions in his work. "The microcomputer revolution was as interesting to me as television had been in the seventies. I was spending an awful lot of time with my computer, so I started writing for magazines about it, just to cover my costs and help me get hold of new software and things to play with. I suddenly found I had this new career as a journalist in an industry where things were escalating very quickly."

But *Doctor Who* was never far away. Chris first tackled the novelisations of his scripts for the Target books imprint. As with the programme itself, he had a clear philosophy for these books. "One of the things that I did through the show, perhaps wrongly, was to have two complete worlds – something I talked about with regard to Tegan. One was the world of the evolving stories and scripts as they existed in my head, remaining rich and wonderful and intact, and the other thing was the strange stuff which hit the screen, which did not necessarily bear a one-to-one relationship with the aforementioned world in my head! Perhaps a better script editor would have been constantly adjusting the world in his head to fit the characters as they emerged on the screen, but this was too painful for me.

"This sort of came to a head when I came to do the novelisations of *Logopolis* and so forth. Instead of referring to what hit the screen, this was a good opportunity the open up the world of the story as it was in my head. But the obvious conclusion to my way of working was a complete disparity between the characters as seen by the audience and the characters as grandly envisaged by the script editor."

Doctor Who on television was also still to benefit from Chris' talent. In late 1982, Chris was approached by script editor Eric Saward to provide a script for Peter Davison's final season. "I'd given a lot of my creative endeavours to the show, but I was like a wound-up elastic band – I had much more stuff to give. I wasn't battering on their door saying, 'Please let me write another script.' I think they rang me up and asked if I had any ideas.

"*Frontios* seemed to go through quite happily. It was much more of a 'jobbing' script. I don't want to downgrade it, because I worked hard on it and I think I managed to turn it into something, but it didn't have the high 'tingle' factor of *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva*. I think it was more human in a way – the last of the human race have ended up on this remote planet where they are barely surviving.

"What I always liked about these types of stories was that by the time you get to the end of part one, you'd discovered something very horribly wrong on this world. At the beginning of episode two of *Frontios*, you're beginning to see what the problem is, and by the end of the episode you'd realised that what you'd been seeing was wrong – it's something different. In this case the rocks were pelting down from the sky, indicating a threat from up there, whereas the real threat was underneath. We then moved into a whole new world beneath the soil."

Frontios again demonstrated Chris' interest in the TARDIS (by literally pulling it apart) and introduced a new race of creatures called Tractators.

Plantagenet (Jeff Rawle) feels the force of the Tractators in *Frontios*

BBC Video [7]

Chris was inspired to create them by studying the woodlice in his flat at the time. "I was so struck that a woodlouse could roll itself into this perfect ball with an armadillo-like shell, and to give that creature the power to tractate whole bodies down through the earth to it was quite chilling. I thought it would be fun to blow it all up large; I could see the Doctor fitting in. Of course, it was an impossible task to foist upon the limited budget, so inevitably I was terribly disappointed when I arrived in the studio."

As Chris' previous scripts and most of his season as script editor had shied away from traditional *Doctor Who* monsters, I wondered if they had been specifically requested in this case? "Bug-eyed monsters wandering around the place, to take your phrase exactly, had no place in *Doctor Who* at all. Any idea there had ever been that simply by sticking a monster into *Doctor Who* you were adding something worthwhile was complete nonsense. If the story was about or necessitated the existence of such creatures – as with the Tractators in *Frontios* – yes, by all means I'd include them."

"The whole thing fell to pieces . . ."

Chris doesn't seem particularly surprised that the professional relationship of producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward ended in acrimony. "I'm obviously not equipped to comment in any way, but my impression was that the whole thing fell to pieces. John had been doing it for far too long, and Eric arguably the same.

***Doctor Who* is a very difficult show to work on, and although I'm amazingly grateful to have done the season I did, I'm also grateful to have got through it alive. I probably could have done a second year if I'd got the money I was asking for, but I certainly wouldn't have done a third year and a fourth. Eric was a jolly good writer, but by the end of it he was really up against the wall. As for John, I really don't know. If he was trapped on the series, that's sad, because he had real ambitions to go off and do variety and comedy shows with big stars. In a sense I suppose he did too good a job with *Doctor Who*. What the old army adage? Never learn to type or you'll get stuck in the typing pool."**

Was it odd for Chris, now being on the other end of the commissioning process? "It did feel quite strange initially to be outside the machinery and just be a good, honest, jobbing guy doing your stuff. I had this interesting multi-faceted relationship with Eric where he was my chum and we exchanged information about what was going on in the office, but he was also my boss and responsible for coming back to me and saying, 'No, this isn't good enough,' as I had been with him and my other writers in turn. I knew that a lot of this stuff wasn't really coming from Eric, it was coming from John Nathan-Turner, but Eric was too sage a guy to pull that as an excuse. He was highly professional about it, and having agreed with John that things should be changed, he presented himself as the guy to deal with it. But the politics of it all got very strange indeed."

Over the last years of the series, Chris' name was attached to various unmade or potential scripts. He listened with some bemusement to a number of them. "The Master in a computer fraud? Nope, never heard of it. *The Last Adventure*? I didn't write that, but I have heard the name used in relation to one of my scripts."

There were two *bona fide* scripts which were commissioned from Chris, written and then not used for various reasons. The first of these was *Pinocotheca*, planned for inclusion in the original Season Twenty-Three. "It's a Greek word meaning 'a gallery of pictures', and that was central to the idea of the story. Something had gone dreadfully wrong on a certain planet which was reserved as a museum of special places and times in the universe, and the Doctor was called upon to go and investigate. That's hardly a storyline to support four episodes so there must have been more to it than that, but I think maybe one day it would be nice to do these stories anew as books, so I'd like them to come fresh to an astonished world rather than leak out storylines at this stage.

"I was invited to novelise them some years back, actually. The same people who did the novelisations, WH Allen, ten years later came back to me. I said, 'Fine, how much do you want to pay?' and it turned out the deal was exactly the same, penny for penny, as it was ten years before! I said, 'This is ludicrous – at least allow for inflation.' I was a computer journalist and it meant taking six weeks off. Although it would have been a great joy to do, I had to pass that one up.

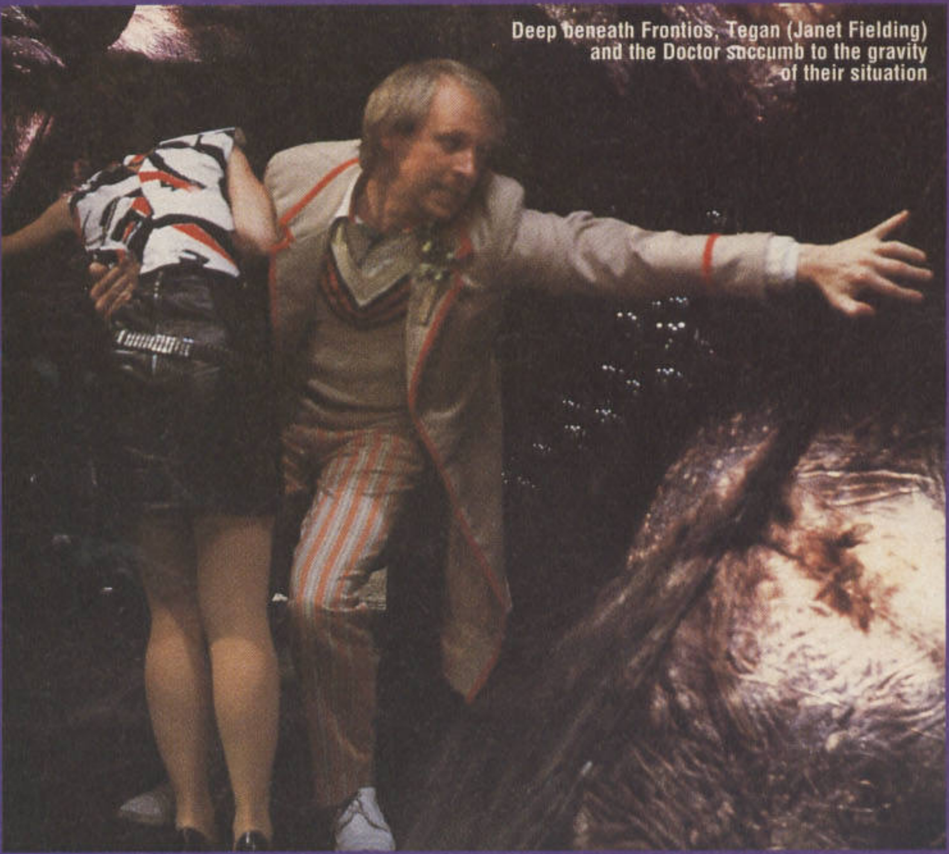
"I think what happened with *Pinocotheca* was that I went through the usual loop of coming up with a storyline, which was approved, doing a first draft, which was approved, and then a second draft and delivery, all approved. I deliver the script, everyone says, 'Thanks Chris, but oh my God the season's been cancelled' – no great political thing going on there. Although there were quite clearly politics going on between Eric and John, and John and the BBC, I got paid my money."

The second script, *In the Hollows of Time*, was commissioned for the replacement 14-episode season, but the situation which emerged was far more tangled. "String theory is a very interesting discipline of physics, all about the nature of dimensions and the universe, and I was heavily into it when I wrote *Hollows of Time*. It was requested as an emergency, do-us-a-favour, we need a script urgently thing. I get a phone call from Eric: 'Chris, we're in desperate trouble. We've had to blow out such-and-such a writer. Can you do us a script quickly?' I would have said

"Bug-eyed monsters had no place in Doctor Who at all"

to Eric, 'I know the dangers of this. I've got to write under pressure and produce something really quickly. What we'll do, if it's alright with you, is when I complete the first draft of episode one, I'll send it down to you straight away. I want you to get back to me quickly if there's any major stuff in there that's not right.' Likewise episodes two, three and four. Minor stuff at this stage was not a problem. So that's all done, and I get the go ahead to do the final draft after a bit of discussion about some obvious inconsistencies which I know about and Eric knows about. I do the final draft and am happy with it, and so I deliver it to Eric.

"I don't hear from Eric. And I don't hear from him and I don't hear from him. Quite a long time later I get a letter. It says, 'Terribly sorry, can't use this. There will be no payment.' I certainly felt personally affronted at this. I felt betrayed because we stayed very close on that one and made sure it was on track because time was so short. The letter didn't say, 'Sorry we can't use it because there's been some upheaval,' just that it was no good. So I think 'Bastards!' and look at my contract. It says if it is not acceptable there will be no payment, but only if I am notified within a month or something of acceptance. More than a month has gone by, so I go to John and say, 'Luckily we don't have to have a big argy-bargy about this. It's there in the contract, you pay me.' I think there was an argy-bargy, but I did end up getting paid."


Deep beneath Frontios, Tegan (Janet Fielding) and the Doctor succumb to the gravity of their situation

Thus Chris' professional association with *Doctor Who* came to a slightly bitter end. The programme still feels very special to him, and he points out that he doesn't bear any grudges at all – but there was still one more issue for him to confront. "Eric left the series around this time, but between us we discovered from inside sources that copyright material owned by us and the writers who had worked for us was turning up at various conventions where it was being shown for a fee. Somebody at the BBC was unofficially supplying them with this material, and apparently collecting personal payment for it.

"Correspondence went on with the BBC copyright department about this for years, and in their loyal way they were saying, 'Oh no, no member of the BBC would do this sort of thing. We are investigating but have found nothing,' etc. But Eric and I had inside information and knew damn well it was happening. I don't know what Eric's settlement was but eventually, after six or seven years of meetings and correspondence, I received an *ex gratia* payment from the BBC to put the issue to bed. You're not entitled to deduce from that fact that any wrong-doing was going on – the whole point of the payment was that 'We know of no reason at all, Mr Bidmead, why we should be giving you this money, but here out of the goodness of our hearts is £5000, or whatever. Now please shut up and go away!'"

"The Master in a computer fraud? Nope, never heard of it"

Chris obviously finds it all rather amusing now – it happened a long time ago. Disproving his assertion that "nobody has a career after *Doctor Who*", he's happy in his current vocation as a computer journalist and writer, and looks back on his time with the series as exceptionally taxing and exceptionally satisfying. These days he's more likely to be found watching Patrick Stewart, with whom he acted at Stratford, on *Star Trek: The Next Generation* ("It's better than the first version!") and *Xena: Warrior Princess* ("magnificent and totally wonderful"), but he dips into the *Doctor Who* newsgroups on the Internet every once in a while and so understands the depth of analysis to which fans subject the stories. Does he believe they stand up to scrutiny?

"What, the fans or the stories?! I don't know. It is extraordinarily impressive to find that people have read you carefully enough and care enough about it to enter into the dimensions of your creativity. I very seldom got the sense, 'Oh, they've got it all wrong'. Sometimes I'd think, 'That's not what I mean,' but on the whole I was immensely flattered."

And what's Chris' own analysis of his stories 15 years later? "I think both *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva* were rather special. I like the landscape of *Logopolis* and the fundamental story of entropy eating up the entire universe. The central ideas were 'more' unique, if you can say that, than *Frontios* which, being the third effort, was possibly a little less out of the ordinary. But I'm still proud of it – it was a good piece of work with some interesting elements. I moan to you about being a tired old hack writer, but actually I think I got out in time and that *Logopolis* and *Castrovalva* were every bit as good as anything I'd had a hand in while engaged as script editor."

We wrapped up a very lengthy afternoon with Chris Bidmead's final musings on the series he returned, albeit for a limited time, to its original scientific premise. "There's nothing I've done before or since that was quite like that season of mine for the BBC. I'm absolutely grateful to John Nathan-Turner for signing me on to do it. It was one of the most exciting years of my life, but I've probably never worked as hard as I did then. It got messy afterwards, but I wasn't unique in that. There were so many relationships around *Doctor Who* that ended up getting messy – Tom's and Lalla's, Eric's and John's, John's and the BBC's. There was something about that show. It promised you the moon, it gave you a jolly good thrill and ended you up lying in the gutter looking at the stars wondering what had hit you." DWM

BBC Video [3]

DOCTOR WHO™

"The brand new collectors range of Doctor Who figures from Harlequin Miniatures."

From THE POWER OF THE DALEKS (1966)		
DW201	2nd Doctor	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE SPACE PIRATES (1969)		
DW202	Zoe	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE HIGHLANDERS (1966)		
DW203	Jamie	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN (1967)		
DW204	Yeti	£2.50 \ $5.00
From THE ICE WARRIORS (1967)		
DW205	Ice Warrior	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE INVASION (1968)		
DW206	Invasion Cyberman	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN (1967)		
DW207	Tomb Cyberman	£2.00 \ $4.00
From THE SEA DEVILS (1972)		
DW302	Sea Devil	£2.00 \ $4.00
From DEATH TO THE DALEKS (1973)		
DW303	Dalek	£2.50 \ $5.00
From ROBOT (1974)		
DW403	1974 UNIT Soldier	£2.00 \ $4.00
DW404	1974 UNIT Soldier throwing grenade	£2.00 \ $4.00
From BATTLEFIELD (1989)		
DW702	The Brigadier	£2.00 \ $4.00

These are merely the first releases of our constantly expanding and definitive range of Doctor Who miniatures.

Harlequin Miniatures Ltd
632 Radford Road, Basford
Nottingham NG7 7EE
Tel: 0115 9422289 Fax: 0115 9422298
www.harlequin-miniatures.com

Harlequin Miniatures US
PO BOX 50081
Amarillo, TX 79159
Tel: 806 3721268 Fax: 806 3721361

Doctor Who is a trademark of the BBC and is used under licence. Doctor Who logo © BBC 1996. The Daleks © Terry Nation 1963. Licensed by BBC Worldwide Ltd.

Trade enquiries welcome.

Back issues

Here's a chance to plug any gaps in your *Doctor Who Magazine* collection and pick up issues you're missing. Only some of our stock is listed here. Some scarce older editions, plus specials, yearbooks and issues of *Classic Comics* will be offered next month. Please use the order form overleaf or a good copy. You can pay by cheque (payable to **Marvel Comics**), postal order, Visa or Mastercard – cash is not acceptable.

All magazines cost £4.00. UK inland postage and packing costs are included, overseas orders must add £1.00 (or US dollar equivalent) for surface mail delivery per magazine. As some issues are in short supply, please specify alternatives. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Send your completed form and payment to **Doctor Who Back Issues, PO Box 503, Leicester, England LE940AD**

SPACE GIRL
"When we did The Paradise of Death, Nick, Jon and I turned up in the radio studio on the first morning and thought 'My God, is this going to work?'"

KEY TO LISTING
Ar Archive **Ft** Feature **It** Interview **St** Strip
Ts Telesnap Archive **Tx** Text fiction

DWM 210 Free postcards **It** Philip Hinchcliffe; Angus Lennie; Glen McCoy **Ar** *Terror of the Zygons* **Ts** *Fury From the Deep* 6 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners*; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Cuckoo 3* **Tx** *Tragedy Day* (Gareth Roberts)

DWM 211 Free postcards **It** Roberta Tovey **Ar** *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 2 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, *The Rosemariners; The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* special effects **St** *Uninvited Guest* (Warwick Gray/John Ridgeway) **Tx** *Legacy* (Gary Russell)

DWM 212 **It** Deborah Watling; Pauline Collins **Ar** *The Faceless Ones* **Ts** *The Web of Fear* 4 **Ft** What the Papers Said; *The Colin Baker Years* **St** *Victims* 1 (Dan Abnett/Colin Andrew) **Tx** *Theatre of War* (Justin Richards); *Useless Things* (David Carroll)

DWM 213 Sold out

DWM 214 Free postcards **It** Janet Fielding; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Tenth Planet* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space 2* **Ft** Missing Stories, *Hex*; **St** *Victims* 3 **Tx** *All-Blood Harvest* (Terrance Dicks); *Roses* (Robert Mammone)

DWM 215 Free postcards **It** Louise Jameson; David Troughton; Peter Davison **Ar** *The Curse of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 4 **Ft** Reeltime Pictures **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 1 *(Gareth Roberts/Martin Geraghty)* **Tx** *Strange England* (Simon Messingham)

DWM 216 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Keff McCulloch; John Challis; Kenneth Gilbert **Ar** *The Monster of Peladon* **Ts** *The Wheel in Space* 6 **Ft** Editing *The Seeds of Doom*; Readers' Survey; BBV **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 2 **Tx** *First Frontier* (David McIntee)

DWM 217 Bumper Issue **It** Lalla Ward; Sylvester McCoy; Pip and Jane Baker **Ar** *The Mark of the Rani* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 2 **Ft** *Doctor Who and Tanni*; Historical stories **St** *The Lunar Strangers* 3 **Tx** *St Anthony's Fire* (Mark Gatiss)

DWM 218 Free index **It** Sarah Sutton; Sylvester McCoy **Ar** *The Ark in Space* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 4 **Ft** Peter Cushing tribute; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract*; Roy Castle tribute; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 1 (Nick Briggs/Colin Andrew) **Tx** *Falls the Shadow* (Daniel O'Mahoney)

DWM 219 Free index **It** Caroline John; Sylvester McCoy; Milton Johns **Ar** *The Enemy of the World* **Ts** *The Ice Warriors* 6 **Ft** *The Zero Imperative*; Missing Stories, *The Doomsday Contract*; *Shakedown*; What the Censor Saw **St** *Food for Thought* 2

DWM 220 Sold out

DWM 221 **It** Carole Ann Ford; Rex Tucker **Ar** *The Gunfighters* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 2 **Ft** What the Censor Saw; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 1 (Kate Orman/Barrie Mitchell) **Tx** *Parasite* (Jim Mortimore)

DWM 222 Sold out

DWM 223 **It** Michael Hayes; David Driver **Ar** *The Armageddon Factor* **Ts** *The Underwater Menace* 4 **Ft** The future in *Doctor Who*; *New Adventures* authors **St** *Change of Mind* 3 **Tx** *Infinite Requiem* (Daniel Blythe)

DWM 224 Free collectors' cards **It** Andrew Cartmel; Michael Hayes **Ar** *The Abominable Snowmen* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 1 **Ft** The Second Doctor; *Doctor Who* on the internet **St** *Land of the Blind* 1 (W Scott Gray/Lee Sullivan)

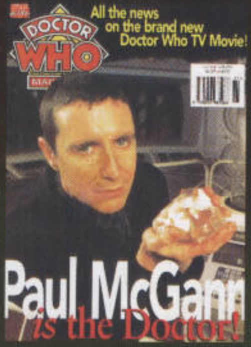
DWM 225 **It** Michael Craze; Sylvia James; Nicholas Parsons; Andrew Cartmel **Ar** *The Curse of Fenric* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 2 **Ft** *Eye of the Beholder* **St** *Land of the Blind* 2 **Tx** *Sanctuary* (David McIntee)

DWM 226 Sold out

DWM 227 **It** Mark Strickson; Nicholas Courtney; Sophie Aldred (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Snakedance* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 4 **Ft** Alien worlds in *Doctor Who*; *Doctor Who* audio books **St** *Up Above the Gods* (Richard Alan/Lee Sullivan) **Tx** *Meridians* 1 (Andrew Cartmel)

DWM 228 **It** John Leeson; Nicholas Courtney; Gary Cady; Matthew Waterhouse (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Ark* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty) **Tx** *Meridians* 2 (Andrew Cartmel)

DWM 229 **It** John Bloomfield; Nicholas Courtney **Ar** *The Face of Evil* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *Downtime*; Vox pops; Missing Stories, *The Song of the Space Whale* **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 2 **Tx** *Meridians* 3


All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!
DOCTOR WHO
Paul McGann is the Doctor!

DWM 230 **It** Nicholas Mallett; Jeremy Bear; Judy Cornwell; Richard Briers; Howard Cooke; John Levene; Caroline John (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *The Mutants* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **St** *The Curse of the Scarab* 3

DWM 231 **It** William Russell; David Brierley; Will Barton; Julian Holloway; Chris Clough; Louise Jameson (*Out/TARDIS*) **Ar** *Timelash* **Ts** *The Abominable Snowmen* 5 **Ft** *The Five Doctors Special Edition*; Michael Wisher tribute **St** *Operation Proteus* 1 (Gareth Roberts/Martin Geraghty)

DWM 232 Sold out

DWM 233 Sold out

DWM 234 Sold out

DWM 235 **It** Bob Baker/Dave Martin; Verity Lambert **Ar** *The Web of Fear* **Ts** *The Highlanders* 3 **Ft** Class 4G on *Terror of the Zygons*; The JN-T Memoirs 3 **St** *Black Destiny* 1 (Gary Russell/Martin Geraghty)

DWM 236 **It** Nicola Bryant; Sheila Ruskin; Bob Baker/Dave Martin **Ar** *The Keeper of Traken* **Ts** *The Highlanders* 4 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 4; The New Doctor **St** *Black Destiny* 2 **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 1 (Alan Barnes)

DWM 237 **It** Jean Marsh; Nicola Bryant **Ar** *The Sontaran Experiment* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 1 **Ft** *The Evil of the Daleks* appreciation; The JN-T Memoirs 5; The Sixth Doctor and violence **St** *Black Destiny* 3 **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 2

DWM 238 **It** Paul McGann; Geoffrey Sax; Daphne Ashbrook **Ar** *Colony in Space* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 2 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 6 **St** *Ground Zero* 1 (Scott Gray/Martin Geraghty) **Tx** *The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge* 3

DWM 239 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Matthew Jacobs; Eric Roberts; Beryl Reid **Ar** *Earthshock* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 3 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 7; Vox pops **St** *Ground Zero* 2

The mourning after…
A Gallifrey Guardian special feature

DWM 240 **It** Philip Segal; Mark Eden **Ar** *Marco Polo* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 4 **Ft** TV Movie review; Survey results; The JN-T Memoirs 8 **St** *Ground Zero* 3

DWM 241 **It** Jon Pertwee *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Dæmons* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 6 **Ft** Jon Pertwee tribute; Jon Pertwee remembered **St** *Ground Zero* 5

DWM 242 **It** Nicholas Courtney *(Out/TARDIS)*; Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** *The Space Pirates* **Ts** *The Evil of the Daleks* 5 **Ft** Class 4G on TV Movie; *Doctor Who*'s 20 greatest moments **St** *Ground Zero* 4

DWM 243 Sold out

DWM 244 Cybermen special **It** Kevin Clarke; David Banks **Ar** *Silver Nemesis* **Ft** J'adore/J'accuse the Cybermen; Guide to conventions; Time travel in *Doctor Who* 2 **St** *Endgame* 1 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)

DWM 245 **It** Chris Clough **Ar** *The Mind Robber* **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 9; Roots 1; *Who* stories with the same plot; The High Council on TV Movie **St** *Endgame* 2

DWM 246 **It** Pennant Roberts **Ar** *The Time Warrior* **Ft** The future of *Doctor Who*; Panopticon 96; 20 forgotten functions of the TARDIS; The JN-T Memoirs 10 **St** *Endgame* 3

DWM 247 Sold out

DWM 248 Sold out

DWM 249 **It** Wendy Padbury *(Out/TARDIS)*; Graham Williams **Ar** *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts Five-Eight **Ft** Cliffhangers; The JN-T Memoirs 13 **St** *The Daleks* 1 (John Lawrence/Ron Turner); *The Keep* 2 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)

DWM 250 Free poster; new look **It** Barry Letts *(Out/TARDIS)*; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** *Genesis of the Daleks* **Ft** History of DWM; Readers' 10 other great *Who* moments; Vox Pops **St** *The Daleks* 2; *A Life of Matter and Death* (Alan Barnes/Sean Longcroft)

DWM 251 **It** Graham Williams; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** *The Romans* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 1 **Ft** Personality of the Doctor; *Doctor Who* dictionary; Roots 3 **St** *The Daleks* 3; *Fire and Brimstone* 1 (Alan Barnes/Martin Geraghty)

DWM 252 **Ar** *The Ambassadors of Death* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 2 **Ft** Terry Nation tribute; Overview of the *New Adventures*; Personality of the Doctor **St** *The Daleks* 4; *Fire and Brimstone* 2

DWM 253 **It** Michael Ferguson; Mark Ayres; Peter Moffatt **Ar** *The Pirate Planet* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 3 **Ft** Rebuilding of *The War Machines*; Roots 4; Readers' Survey results **St** *The Daleks* 5; *Fire and Brimstone* 3

DWM 254 **It** Yee Jee Tso (*Out/TARDIS*) Peter Moffatt; Tristan de Vere Cole; John Davies **Ar** *The Wheel in Space* **Ts** *The Macra Terror* 4 **Ft** The Master; Manopticon 5 **St** *The Daleks* 6; *Fire and Brimstone* 4

20 moments when you know you're watching the greatest television series ever made . . .
20 "It could mean the end of the war . . ."
"You can't mend people!" 19

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES ORDER FORM

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____

____

Postcode ______________________

Issues required ______________________

____

Alternative issues (in order of preference)

____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ I enclose a cheque made payable to Marvel Comics for £

☐ Please charge my Visa Mastercard to the sum of £

My card number is

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

expiry date

signature